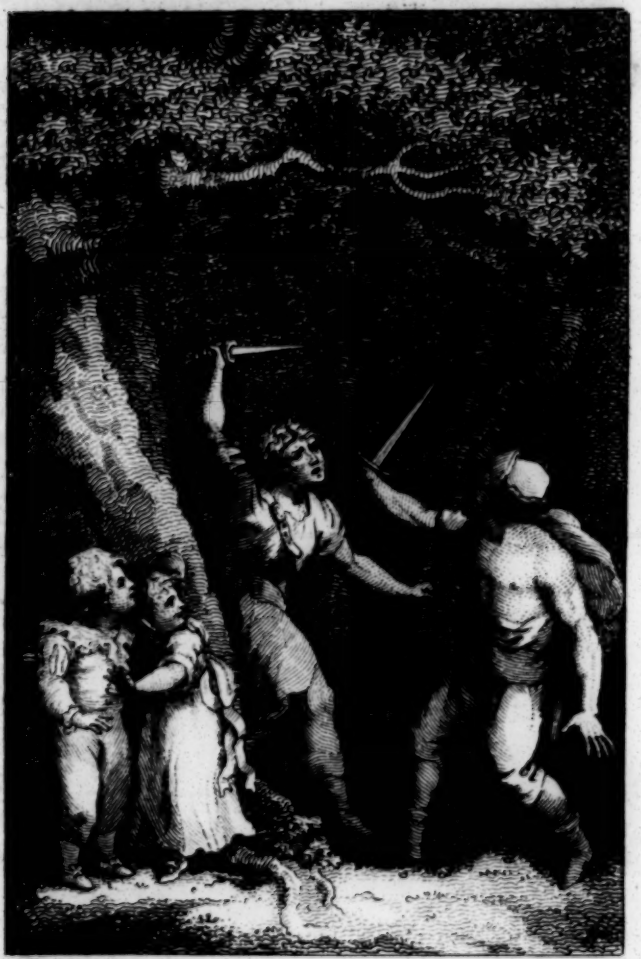
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.



C.R. Ryley del. W. Skelton sculp.

Heav'd each bosom; and their breath
Struggled its abode to rend;
For on him that then scap'd death,
Did their destiny depend.

Publish'd Jan.y 1, 1788 by T. Hookham, New St.

RATIONAL DIALOGUES.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING

INTERESTING STORIES, &c.

The Village Friend of Man.
The Last Risque.
The Children in the Wood.
The Conscientious Bookseller.
A Mother's Bosom is God's Work alone.
The Sick Child.
The Vicious Invalid, a Drama.

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Margaret Marion Stevenson

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THE

VILLAGE FRIEND OF MAN.

MR. SMITH, betimes diſguſted with the hurry of a life in London, had juſt bought a country houſe, in Shropſhire, where he meant to paſs away the remnant of his days in ſtudy, and the exerciſes of humanity. His turn of mind, which had been always rather ſerious, made him fond of ſolitary walks. He had already viſited each quarter of the neighbourhood about his cot; but having chanced, one day, to ſtray a little farther out into the country, than was uſual with him, he diſcovered a delightful valley, whoſe appearance was adapted to the diſpoſition of his heart. Encircled upon every ſide by hills, on whoſe declivities were gardens, groves, and cottages, it

ſeemed to be the aſylum or retreat of rural happineſs. The ſilence of the ſcene was interrupted only by the echoe of a torrent, that, precipitating from an eminence, aſſumed the colours of the rainbow, when the ſun, no higher than a certain elevation, played upon the water with his beams. Its foam was ſpread about the baſon it had hollowed for itſelf in falling. It divided then, into a multitude of little rills, that the inhabitants had led along through many ſerpentine directions, to refreſh the meadows with their ſoft humidity.

The natural beauty of the place, however, was not what particularly raiſed ſenſations of delight in Mr. Smith. The valley, in its length, was covered with new cottages, each having a ſufficient quantity of well-tilled ground, a garden, and an orchard appertaining to it. They were parted from each other by no other fence than holly hedges, which, in Mr. Smith's idea, indicated both the richneſs of the ſoil, and the reciprocal good faith of its inhabitants. He was rejoiced to ſee, that not, as is the caſe in many other parts, one ſingle man had to himſelf alone appropriated this delightful ſpot of country. It afforded him the greateſt pleaſure, to ſuppoſe, as certainly appearances might warrant ſuch a ſuppoſition, to ſuppoſe, I ſay, that many families might here enjoy the bleſſings of a life not ſtraitened with reſpect to means, but at their eaſe. While in his heart he could not but congratulate the man

by

by whom this order was eſtabliſhed, (for the regularity and ſameneſs of the whole, ſufficiently denoted it was one man's planning) he applauded his beneficence. Reſigned to ſuch affecting thoughts, he had not yet remarked a tempeſt that was brewing, till a ſhower of rain, with lightning, rouſed him from his reverie, and he looked round about him for ſome ſhelter. He ran forward to the firſt farm door, and knocked: a woman, very ancient, but whoſe figure was in ſome ſort venerable, not decrepid, opened and received him, though a ſtranger, with the readieſt welcome he had ever met with. I am glad, ſaid ſhe, our cottage was the neareſt to you; though our children, likewiſe, would have given you a kind reception. Since the ſtorm has thus ſurpriſed you in the middle of the valley, you could ſcarcely have been ſheltered at one cottage that belongs not to the family. But you are wet: come in, and I will make a fire to dry you.

While the fire was lighting, Mr. Smith, attentively conſidered the apartment. He obſerved about it an uncommon neatneſs, and ſuch furniture as ſpoke the maſter of the houſe not poor. He was not grieved at this laſt circumſtance. He had diſcovered from thoſe firſt few words the good old woman had juſt dropped in converſation, that the houſes in the valley were her children's, and the intimation raiſed his curioſity to know ſtill farther. He was juſt prepared to aſk a queſtion, when he heard a voice

a voice from an adjoining chamber, aſk the woman whether ſhe was taking care of—— Yes, yes, interrupted ſhe, fear nothing, my good man.

Is that your huſband, pray? ſaid Mr. Smith.

Yes, ſir, replied his hoſteſs: he is there in the apartment fronting you.

Mr. Smith. Will you permit me to go in, and thank him for your hoſpitality?

The Woman. With all my heart, ſir: you will neither of you, very poſſibly, be ſorry that you know the other. Step in, ſir, at once.

He did ſo, and perceived an ancient man repoſing on a bed, the clothes and furniture of which were very good. He had no cap on, and his hair, than which the ſnow could not be whiter, overſpread his ſhoulders. Time, in Mr. Smith's idea, had reſpected more than always is the caſe, his countenance, which indicated the ſerenity and goodneſs of his heart. A ſmile was on his lips, nor were his eyes, as yet, without ſome brightneſs. Mr. Smith, attracted by ſo fair an outſide, drawing near the bed, began as follows; Good old man, what ails you? Are you ill?

The Man. No, ſir: thank God, I am not: but, when any one is fourſcore years of age, and upwards, he can never boaſt of being in a perfect ſtate of health, not even when his anſwer to a queſtion, ſuch as you juſt now propoſed to me, would be, that he is well. I have, however, not long left off working, and provided

provided it were not from the idea of afflicting my dear children, — But they will not let me labour any longer.

Mr. SMITH. They are in the right. You muſt have dearly purchaſed your repoſe.

The MAN. Without the leaſt degree of boaſt, I may, indeed, conſider I have earned it. How much hay have I not carried in! How many ſheaves, not tied together! In reality, I have not ſpared my limbs. But, in return, and notwithſtanding ſo much labour, I have always been content and happy; as I mean to be, for the remainder of my days.

Mr. SMITH. But, after ſuch a life of exerciſe, how can you bring yourſelf to paſs a day in bed, without complaining time hangs heavy on your hands?

The MAN. Hangs heavy on my hands, ſir! Truly I have ſomething elſe to mind. It is my body only that takes reſt; my head is ſtill, as it has always been, at work. Time never can hang heavy on his hands, who has ten children, and no leſs than fifty children's children to take care of. I can have but twelve hours in the day to think of ſuch a little multitude; and every day, they give me an account of their affairs and labour. I muſt put all that in order. There is ſome one conſtantly upon my hands that muſt be married, and I cannot in a moment, ſettle every match. If thoſe I have provided for in this way, are now proſperous, tis to me they owe their welfare; for, not one among

among them all has ſettled, but I thought of him, or her, a year beforehand. I have now three marriages in hand, and am in hopes they will turn out as happy as the reſt I have been hitherto engaged in.

Mr. SMITH. You are happy, then, I take it, in your family?

The MAN. If any one acquainted with me, would deſire to win my heart, he muſt make mention of ſome circumſtance, that I may introduce it among other converſation. Come, dear wife, and let us have a little of that ale you know of. I would ſet my tongue a going on the ſubject of our children.

Mr. SMITH. Have you many with you?

The MAN. Only two, and thoſe grand-daughters. How am I to lodge an army? 'Tis my land, and not my houſe, I am deſirous to enlarge. Thank God, I have been able to beſtow on each a tolerable portion, not in gold, but acres, without growing poor. There was a deal of land, that no one in the neighbourhood imagined it worth while to cultivate; and which I bought at an inferior price. I ſet immediately about the tillage of it, and beſtowed it as ſo many marriage portions on my daughters. It brings gold in now.

Mr. SMITH. And of ſo many children, my good friend, has none at any time occaſioned you the leaſt uneaſineſs?

The MAN. Yes, ſometimes: but not often: as for inſtance, when the little things were ill. However,

However, I had ſkill enough to cure them by the uſe of thoſe few plants I am acquainted with. Reſpecting their behaviour, every thing has always gone on well.

Mr. SMITH. Becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, you have at all times held them out a good example?

The MAN. That I have, ſir, by God's bleſſing. In my youth, I was as wild as any other, and there could not be a dance in this or any neighbouring pariſh, but, for my part, I was at it. Notwithſtanding, when once married, I left off ſuch pranks. My wife was fortunately handſome, good, and ſprightly, and that keeps a man in awe. Then ſoon came children. I had not at that time more than I knew what to do with: but what then? Had I been rich for my own benefit, I ſhould have had the heart to be ſo for my family's. I uſed my boys to work betimes, and took them out into the fields as ſoon as they could walk. I put the youngeſt on my plow, and was delighted while the others played their antics round it. My dear girls too were accuſtomed in the evening to divert me with their ſongs, while ſpinning. I inſtructed the whole ten to work with pleaſure, ſo that they might eat their bread with ſatisfaction.

Mr. SMITH. And you ſee them ſometimes?

The MAN. Sometimes ſir? When I was more in legs, I uſed to go my weekly circuit,

and obſerve if every thing went well among them. But at preſent, that old age confines me to my chamber, tis their turn to viſit me. The ſermon is no ſooner over, than my daughters and grand daughters come to ſee me, with their little ones. It would be worth your while, ſir, to behold me in the midſt of twenty women, dreſſed as for a marriage, and as handſome all of them as angels. You ſhould ſee, I ſay, how they all kiſs and cling about me. The diſpute is, which of them ſhall hug me moſt. But any one may ſee with half an eye, they never are coquets except with me. There is a family reſemblance in their children, and that charms me. I have upwards of a dozen of them in my arms, or elſe between my legs; and to my ears, their prattle is the ſweeteſt of all muſic.

Mr. SMITH. I can eaſily believe you. Such a weekly meeting muſt be quite delightful to you.

The MAN. And them likewiſe as I hope. I love to ſee all mirth and pleaſure round about me. I have got behind my barn a piece of graſs to dance on. Tis the laſt I laboured. Till of late, I uſed to open once a week the ball by taking out my good old woman; after which, the reſt would cut their capers round about us. They would dance the country dances of my time, when, I acknowledge, I was uſed to think the ground even bore me up, and that I friſked it with the numbleſs pair of heels about me.

Mr.

Mr. SMITH. Have you any violins among you?

The MAN. No, ſir: but what then? Has not my little tartar, Valentine, his flageolet? Young ſly boots is but twelve years old, and yet he pipes ſo well, that all the village, I believe, would jump maſt-high to hear him. Oh, if he were here, that I might ſhow him to you! He is quite my *moral*, but without theſe wrinkles. Therefore I conſider him my Benjamin, the child of my old age, the favourite of my heart. I tell you this, becauſe you are a ſtranger: it would vex me, ſhould my family know any thing about it.

Mr. SMITH. But the other ſix days of the week muſt ſeem quite tedious, ſince you have not then the company of your beloved family.

The MAN. If I have not that pleaſure, I have others. I have never, for a length of time, been abſent from the pariſh I now live in. Every foot of ground about it do I know, as well as my fire ſide. Then too I am familiar with the inhabitants as well. I can remember when they came into the world. They come for my opinion upon every matter relative to huſbandry, in which they are engaged. They need but bring me, as a ſample of the ground they have to do with, half a dozen ſhovelfuls. I handle it; I taſte it; and inform them on the ſpot what ſeed will moſt thrive in it. If they are poor people, I provide them with the ſeed

they want, and they repay it me the enſuing harveſt. I expect, that thoſe to whom I have myſelf been ſerviceable, ſhould work for them a whole day or ſo, upon occaſions, which is all the recompence I look for from them. I have known the time when many of my neighbours would work only for themſelves; and after all, not proſper by it. They would think they could not thrive but by the ruin of their neighbours. I perſuaded them of the reverſe, by proving, that the more they ſhould enrich the ſoil, the richer every individual of them would become; that all their grain and vegetables would ſell better, when their goodneſs ſhould have wherewithal to wheedle dealers to *their* market rather than another; and that to accompliſh ſo deſirable a purpoſe, they ſhould aid each other. As the ſeaſon happens to be dry or wet, the harveſt on the plain is more or leſs abundant than the produce of the highlands. I perſuade them into an agreement with each other, ſo that they may firſt begin to gather in the ripeſt, and they find their profit in ſo doing; for inquire at market, what the reputation of our grain and vegetables is? The dealers quarrel to get ours in preference to thoſe of every other farmer, and even buy them ſtanding; and in ſome extraordinary caſes, ſooner than they can be ſown. Whereas, from any other pariſh, let there be but half a dozen buſhels of bad wheat, and that ſhall be ſufficient to diſcredit the remainder.

Mr.

Mr. SMITH. Theſe reflections have good ſenſe for their foundation, I muſt own: and yet methinks tis very rare that villagers adopt them. How came you to do ſo?

The MAN. It was all the fruit of my experience. I muſt, notwithſtanding, tell you, I was very much aſſiſted by our vicar, who, did you but know him, you would ſay is very clever. I have made him ſomething of a biſhop, by the weddings, tithes, and chriſtenings, with which I have enriched him. He has even dealt out my inſtructions from the pulpit to advantage; for the peaſant, following thoſe inſtructions, rather than the rules contained in books, has found himſelf the better for it. In reality, my rules are very few, ſcarce more than half a dozen words: *No reſt, good neighbours, to your land; but peace among yourſelves.*

Mr. SMITH. Upon ſuch principles as theſe, I fancy you have not done ſo much good to any lawyer you may have reſiding hereabouts, as to your vicar?

The MAN. We have one of ſuch a buſineſs here indeed; but I have been the cauſe that he has no great trade. I ſhould have been as rich as any Jew, if I had only taken ſixpence or a groat for every conſultation. There are always differences of one kind or other to adjuſt in villages, and principally when the ground of any one deceaſed is to be parcelled out among his heirs. Accordingly they come on ſuch occaſions, or the like, for my advice. If there are

children to be married, I ſoon ſettle the affair. If there is any ground in diſputation, and the parties cannot of themſelves agree, they take me in their little cart; and being on the ſpot, I have the ground ſurveyed. I weigh within my mind the good or bad condition of it, with the quantity, and thus endeavour, if I can, to ſatisfy the different parties; but if either of them is determined to hold out, I get them all together on the morrow here, where, as yourſelf will own, as ſoon as my good woman ſhows herſelf, I always keep upon the cock a barrel of delicious ale, that would go near to ſoften and ſubdue the flinticſt heart. They taſte it, and as ſoon as it begins to warm my diſputants, I tell them that a lawſuit would coſt ten times more than all the ground is worth, that if they proſecute it, they will loſe their time, their money, and the ſweets of being friendly to each other. I point out examples of too many, that becauſe they did not follow my advice, have waſted to a lath, while their attorney fattened on them. The firſt bottle is ſcarce drunk, when they no longer look as if they curſed each other in their hearts; and afterward, the ſecond makes them hearty friends. I loſe my ale by ſuch a practice; but I get a deal of pleaſure to reward me in this life, and give me hopes for that which is to come.

Mr. Smith. Yes, I conceive what powerful rhetoric a bottle of your liquor muſt poſſeſs; but what I moſt of all admire, my friend is,

is, the good uſe to which you put it. Ale too often renders thoſe who drink it, riotous; but in your hand, it tends to the eſtabliſhment of peace.

The MAN. I owe it ſuch an honour, for the ſervice it has done my age. Tis nothing but my ale that, for theſe ten years paſt and upwards, has kept warm my ſtomach, and prevented my whole maſs of blood from being chilled within me. I have never been accuſtomed to drink more than would ſuffice to quench my thirſt: on which account, I find it much more ſalutary now than otherwiſe perhaps it would be. Half a tumbler is enough to warm me for two hours. I know not how you find yourſelf; but I, for my part, think that talking of it makes me thirſty; and a draught would now be welcome. Where can Margaret be got to? How ſhe ſtays! Ah, fourſcore years of age about a perſon are not half ſo eaſy to be carried as a bottle is: but huſh! I think I hear her!

The WOMAN *(entering with a bottle and three glaſſes.)* Yes, yes, here I am, ſweet huſband.

The MAN *(ſitting up.)* Come then, Peggy, my dear Peggy, pour it out: You ſmile, ſir; but with liquor in my hand, I always call her as I uſed to do when, ſixty years ago, I came a courting to her. I need only, as I often do, look at her through my glaſs, and ſhe appears as roſy to the full as ever, I may ſay.—Your health,

health, dear Peggy. Yours, ſir. *(after they have drank.)* Well, how is it?

Mr. SMITH. Excellent. I never in my life remember taſting better.

The MAN. Better is not to be met with. That, ſir, I will ſay in favour of my ale. But what are you about, dear Peggy, thus to ſpare it? Drink, drink heartily; and never fear, but it will do you good. I find already it begins to make me chearful, and I love you, Peggy, now as much as ever. Though, ſir, you may not as yet be married, you will hardly die a batchelor; and therefore take my counſel. Treat your wife ſo well, that you may always think with pleaſure of the day you married; and in that caſe you will never find yourſelf grow old. Aſk Peggy elſe. Speak, wife; do you not ſtill remember very well our wedding day? With what delight I ſqueezed your hand, when we were kneeling both before the parſon, and how ſweet a look you gave me! It rejoiced my heart! I recollect the whole affair. The truth is, tis of no long date; no longer, as I ſaid juſt now, than ſixty years ago.

The WOMAN. Ah, huſband, they have fled us very faſt indeed; and our beſt days are gone for ever.

The MAN. Gone for ever, Peggy! With how ſad a tone you ſpeak, as if you were unhappy! Are you not at eaſe in your old age; and what is more, as well as you could wiſh to be? Come, tell me, what you want? Perhaps more

more ſtrength of body; but, dear Peggy, has not God preſerved us hitherto in health, that we might find the joy of a long life? When our laſt hour is come, the tomb will have leſs terrors when it opens to receive us.

Mr. SMITH. But why occupy yourſelf with ſuch ſad notions, in the very moment, as it were, of pleaſure?

The MAN. O, my dear, good ſir, I fear not dying: let death come whenever God thinks proper. Can you think I have forgot I am but mortal. Since my life had its beginning, it muſt likewiſe have its end.

Mr. SMITH. But having, by your virtuous conduct in this world, enjoyed a life of ſuch ſubſtantial happineſs, can you without regret reſign it?

The MAN. I ſhould find myſelf much more unhappy, had I miſemployed my time; had I been indolent and diſſolute; had I omitted to do any good God's providence had put into my power; or had I now the mortifying ſight or thought before me of a numerous family, that would be left in vice or want. Whereas, inſtead of ſuch afflicting contemplations, I have now before me the remembrance of full fourſcore years conſumed in uſeful labour, of a ſpacious tract of land made fertile, and of many friends aſſiſted. I reflect with pleaſure that my ſons and grandſons are all wealthy, honeſt, and laborious; friends to one another; loved, eſteemed, and cheriſhed by the neighbourhood. I leave

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my eldeſt ſon the cot I built (as I believe I ſaid) myſelf, and he will both fill up my place, and do the duties I have hitherto diſcharged. As chief of the whole family, he will approve himſelf to all his brothers, ſiſters, and their children, what I was to them. Tis ſweet, when one can carry ſuch a conſolation to our tombs?

Mr. Smith. But you will hear their ſighs; and muſt conceive, your ſeparation from them will be painful?

The Man. Yes; I think indeed they will be grieved when they conſider they muſt loſe me; but by the Almighty's bleſſing, I ſhall have it in my power to ſoften their affliction; for of all mankind, a peaſant, I may ſay, is beſt acquainted with the law of nature, and the ſtrength of what we call neceſſity. He ſees from day to day old trees replaced by younger, and from year to year, the ſeaſons follow one another. I will repreſent theſe matters to my children, when I ſee them got together round my dying bed; and will convince them, that thus having given me a long and happy life, God crowns his goodneſs by removing me, before I am become a burden to myſelf and them, by ſickneſs and infirmity. This is what I will inforce as long as I have any breath. They muſt take comfort after I am dead, when I myſelf conſider death a comfort to me.

Mr. Smith. You are then without one fear reſpecting an hereafter?

The

The MAN. While I was under the temptation of committing ſin, I feared the Lord; but now I only love him, and perſuade myſelf ſuch confidence and truſt on my part, give him pleaſure. Oh, thou God of goodneſs, after ſuch a multitude of bleſſings as thy providence has rained upon my head, let me preſume to aſk one more. In thy compaſſion, look upon the partner thou beſtowedſt on me, to partake of the enjoyments and diſtreſſes of my life. We are grown old together; let us therefore die together. How can I ſurvive her? Would my trembling hand have ſtrength enough to cloſe her eyelids. And what griefs would not the thought of loſing me occaſion her, when ſhe ſhould never hear me make another anſwer to her plantive voice; when, as it were, ſhe ſhould be buried in the ſolitude of this deſerted houſe! Do not permit that death ſhould ſeparate two ſouls, that, for theſe ſixty years and more, have always been together. Grant us this one favour, gracious God; this laſt. It is the only one thy providence has in the riches of its goodneſs left us to deſire. We wiſh not to delay our death. Diſpoſe of us whenever thou think'ſt proper. Only whan we die, oh, Father, let our hands be joined together; and thus joined, let us preſent ourſelves before thee, and give in the account of our paſt life. Thou knoweſt it has been but one, ſo ſtrictly have we been united. Let the death we have to ſuffer then be only one.

The good old man, who, to addreſs himſelf

to

to God in this affecting manner, had made ſhift to riſe, and was upon his knees, fell back, when he had finiſhed, being ſpent with the fatigue. Affrighted, Mr. Smith was on the point of running out to fetch his wife, but turning round, he ſaw her in a corner. She had there been on her knees from the beginning of her huſband's prayer; her arms were ſtill held out towards heaven. He carried her, ſcarce knowing where ſhe was, to the old man, who cheered her with a ſmile, and that vivacity with which he held his hands out to her. Mr. Smith, however, thought it neceſſary he ſhould go, and leave the honeſt man to his repoſe; which, after ſuch a violent emotion, he much needed. He returned them thanks for their obliging hoſpitality, and promiſed he would come and ſee them in a fortnight's time, or thereabouts, again.

The ſtorm that had compelled him to take ſhelter, was by this time diſſipated. Nature putting off her gloomy aſpect, had reſumed a radiant ſplendour, and ſerene appearance; and the ſun, that then was on the point of ſetting, ſeemed to glow with an additional degree of brightneſs. This appearance of the ſky came home to Mr. Smith's imagination with the recollection of the good old man. It was the type, as he imagined, of his ſoul, alternately impreſſed by ſerioufneſs and gaiety, and of his mind, whoſe flame ſeemed re-collected at the moment it was going out. He repreſented to himſelf the amount of what a ſingle man had

thus

thus been able to perform, in ſuch a humble ſituation. Fifty citizens preſented by him to the ſtate; his youth and manhood exerciſed in cares to bring his children up in labour and good morals; and his latter ſeaſon conſecrated to the duty of upholding peace and unity among his neighbours. With what truſt in the Almighty, whiſpered Mr. Smith as he was walking, to himſelf, did he not tell me of the good he had performed, and of the recompenſe he looks for? What ſerenity of conſcience! Who would not prefer the healthful age of this good peaſant, happy in his own eſteem, and in the thought of leaving a remembrance of his name behind, to the decrepitude of thoſe great men, who make no other uſe of their abundance, than to ſcatter ſcandal round about them, and corrupt examples; who make light of public ſcorn and hatred, being, as they are, habituated to their own contempt, and whom the very grave will not protect from infamy and execration?

But, why dwell on theſe deſcriptions, ſo afflicting to good men: when there are others to be found ſo full of conſolation? Tis a Howard we ſhould rather draw, that bounteous and pains-taking traveller, who has already more than once gone through ſo great a part of Europe, and whoſe eloquence exiſting in his writings, with the high authority accompanying his illuſtrious virtues, has procured to his afflicted fellow creatures, who men, generally ſpeak-

ing, are not half ſo guilty as unhappy, a more favourable treatment in their priſons. Tis a Hutton* who, at ſixty years of age, went over ſea, and with no other title than *Humanity's kind-hearted ſervant*, treated with the public ſervants for the ſettlement of an exchange of priſoners, made in war; and afterward returned into his native country, to aſſiſt the unfortunate; of whom he was at all times the ſupport and ſuccour. Generous men! you need not my eulogiums to reward your virtues. They enjoy the recompence they merit, in the goodneſs that inſpired them, and in the benefits they have produced. But I would conſecrate them in the memory of our youth; ſo will they gain a ſanctuary, correſpondent with their purity; and ſo too will your names ſurvive a little longer in the world than otherwiſe, perhaps, they would do. If a love for actions of humanity may eaſily be kindled in your boſom, let my readers owe it to the deep impreſſion of your great examples, and the noble emulation by this tribute of a humble writer raiſed within them, to do like you.

* The ſame ſo charmingly deſcribed by Anthony in one of thoſe affecting letters ſent his ſiſter, and in which he ſays, *Our friend is come to ſee us! Mr. Hutton, I ſuppoſe you know; I mean that venerable man who takes ſo much delight in giving children pleaſure when he cannot do them good.* See the *Children's Friend*, vol. 5. page 49.

THE

THE

LAST RISQUE.

SCENE, *A room indifferently furniſhed.*

PAWLETT *enters, and appears ſurpriſed at ſeeing no one in the room.*

EMILY not here! What is become of her! How could ſhe think of going out of doors without me! She can hardly be far off. She muſt be ſure her abſence would alarm me very much. What woman can be more affectionate! —Her tenderneſs for me—Her tenderneſs!—and I, upon the contrary, make her unhappy! Yes, my love has that effect. Ah, deareſt Emily, far from reproaching me with ſuch a fault, your love increaſes every day.—But let me read the letter I ſhall ſend my uncle.—Sure his heart cannot be pitileſs for ever.—Let poor Emily, at leaſt, be unacquainted with my project, if it does not proſper. *(He ſits down at a table, upon which there is a ſtandiſh, takes a piece*

of paper from his pocket, which he reads as follows:)

"You are well avenged, ſir, for my diſobedience. I have made the object of my love unhappy. Emily is lanquiſhing at preſent with me in the loweſt depth of ſorrow. Having had no ſhare in my undutiful behaviour to you, ſhe is notwithſtanding a partaker in the puniſhment it has drawn down upon me. Yes, dear uncle, ſhe does nothing but reproach herſelf with being what ſhe calls herſelf, the undeſigning cauſe of making me incur your indignation. Why, ſir, without knowing her, did you refuſe your acquieſcence to our marriage, and compel me to inſiſt upon the money that, from pure affection to your nephew, you conſented to take charge of for me? It has all been ſtolen from me by a villain that pretended friendſhip, and has cruelly impoſed upon me. Tis not for myſelf I ſupplicate your favour; I intreat it for a virtuous partner, whom I dote on to diſtraction, and whoſe goodneſs you would love, did you but know her. Is it juſt ſhe ſhould be made a victim for my fault? Dear, dear uncle! tis not, as I ſaid but juſt this moment, for myſelf I earneſtly implore your favour; my repentance cannot be ſufficient for my fault: but Emily deſerves your kindneſs. Take her under your protection, and afford her virtue an aſylum."——But I hear a tread: tis Emily's. *(He thruſts the letter haſtily into his pocket, and addreſſes Emily, who enters.)* Dear Emily, what a con-

a condition you are in! Heavens! what has happened to you?

EMILY *(throwing herſelf into a chair.)* Ah, my deareſt Pawlett; let me breathe a little: I am dreadfully fatigued.

PAWLETT. I know not how you could have had the courage to go out alone: but you were born to better fortune, and a carriage: and for me, are you reduced to the humiliation of thus being joſtled with the croud.

EMILY. How you augment my ſorrow by thus taking the whole weight of our misfortunes on you! but without me, would you have been brought to undergo them? In the name of our affection, Pawlett——

PAWLETT. Well then, deareſt Emily, I will obey you. You will always have the aſcendency. But pray, dear Emily, inform me what could make you leave the houſe without me?

EMILY. The deſire of ſoftening your misfortunes: but, dear Pawlett, there is no ſuch thing as friendſhip to be found on earth; and people's oaths are uſeleſs. Let us then preſerve that love which is ſtill left us, as a very precious treaſure.

PAWLETT. Yet this love is what has ruined you, dear Emily.

EMILY. This love? No, no. Proſperity too often weakens love; but our misfortunes join us cloſer to each other. In your arms, they dare not perſecute me with an unrelenting

rigour, which perhaps they would do otherwiſe.

PAWLETT. What love and courage!

EMILY. We have need of both at preſent. Hear me. Frightened at the diſmal ſituation into which your love for me has plunged you, perſecuted as we are by ſuch a ſwarm of creditors to whom the wretch you gave your all to, and for whom you made yourſelf accountable, owed money, hardly had you quitted me this afternoon, when an idea ſtruck me all at once, that I might poſſibly remove our difficulties, by applying to a certain perſon.

PAWLETT. How?

EMILY. That Julia Mandeville I went to ſchool with, and the tendereſt friend I ever knew:—That Julia Mandeville, ſaid I, is now in London. Married as ſhe is to one ſo high in office, ſhe may ſerve us. I already ſee all our misfortunes ended. Julia will remove them: her affection makes me ſure of every thing. Thus flattered with falſe hopes, I go directly to her houſe: when I arrive, its elegance proclaims the comfortable ſituation ſhe is placed in. I congratulate her happineſs. My heart partakes thereof, and thinks I ſhall increaſe it by this viſit, after five years' ſeparation. At the door they aſk my name. I anſwer, Pawlett, that when introduced, and mentioning my former name, her joy may be the greater. I ſpeak to her: but, oh, heaven! ſhe does not, as I thought ſhe would, ſpring forward to receive

me

me at my firſt appearance. Who, pray, are you? was her queſtion. Such indifference wounds me to the heart: my ſtrength forſakes me, and I cannot anſwer: ſhe repeats her queſtion. Do you really not know me then? ſaid I, at laſt, with difficulty. I am Emily Baratty. Are not you ſtill Julia Mandeville? Baratty! Emily Baratty! anſwered ſhe. Oh, I remember you. Sit down. On this I breathe again, and fancy ſhe will throw herſelf into my arms; but ſtill continuing with the ſame indifference, ſhe looks at me, and inquires what has reduced me to the ſtate in which ſhe finds me? What has happened to you? What! the greateſt, anſwer I, of all misfortunes, that of being diſappointed in my expectations from your friendſhip. I ſincerely pity you, continued I, and roſe, that your good fortune has thus changed your heart, which, to my knowledge, was ſo friendly when we formerly knew one another. At this moment came in company: I left the room. She followed me, and on the ſtairs held out her hand, and aſked, if half a dozen guineas would be ſerviceable to me: if they will, ſaid ſhe, receive them; but come never here again to trouble me with ſuch a viſit. Could I poſſibly refuſe her guineas, knowing your neceſſity, dear Pawlett? I received them; and with indignation left the houſe.

PAWLETT. Oh, Emily, my dear, dear Emily, in your misfortune how ſuperior were you not to this unfeeling friend you mention!

God be praiſed, however, we have ſomething to ſubſiſt on, for the preſent, in thoſe guineas: keep them as a treaſure.

EMILY. And you, Pawlett, how were you received by Cranſton.

PAWLETT. Mention not his name. The villain! he can look misfortune in the face, and ridicule it. I was introduced; and after telling him my diſmal ſituation, begged the loan of thirty guineas: he commented on my paſt imprudence. I replied, I had much rather go without the favour I requeſted, than be ſubject to his cenſures, when the thing I ſtood in need of was his friendſhip. Sir, ſaid he, they who lend ſo much money have a right to ſpeak: however, I will drop my cenſures, as you call them. Thirty guineas? let me ſee. I have but twelve, I think, at home: or, ſtay; perhaps, you have enough to change me this two hundred pound bank note? Who, I ſir? anſwered I, change ſuch a note? when my diſtreſs makes thirty guineas neceſſary. What are we to do then, in this caſe, ſaid he, and put his hand into his pocket, taking out about twelve guineas, Will theſe do? I ſaw his driſt; and but for your afflicting ſituation, Emily, would have informed him what I thought; but, for your ſake, ſuppreſſed my indignation, and replied: If you can let me have no more, ſir, I muſt be content with them, and try to get the reſt elſewhere. Yes, yes, ſaid he; or, what if where you get the reſt, you

you were to aſk the whole? That will be better. You will be obliged, in that caſe, to one perſon only. He went on; but my aſtoniſhment ſo overwhelmed me, I had not a word to anſwer. I was uſhered to the door; and, coming to myſelf, diſcovered I had got into the ſtreet.

EMILY. The wretch! Let, then, the greateſt poſſible œconomy ſupport us, till—

PAWLETT. Without reſources—

EMILY. Let us be content with neceſſaries only. In our preſent ſituation, having nothing to give others, we need hardly fear we ſhall be viſited by thoſe who turn away in ſcorn from indigence.

PAWLETT. Ah, certainly, ſuch wretches will avoid much rather than come here, to ſeek us. But, I hear a foot upon the ſtairs. Tis the upholſterer of that vile fellow who has ruined us. What can he want?

VINCENT *(coming in.)* If I am right, your name is Pawlett, ſir?

PAWLETT. Yes, Mr. Vincent, what may be your buſineſs?

VINCENT. Mr. Tomlinſon that gave me orders, as you know, to furniſh the whole houſe you lately lived in, is gone off without advancing me a farthing for my goods: and tis to you, no doubt, I am to have recourſe. Here is my bill, ſir.

PAWLETT. But, I paid him, I aſſure you, for the goods, a long while ſince.

VINCENT. I never ſaw a penny of the money:

ney: therefore, I have every right to come on you.

EMILY. Ah, Pawlett, our misfortunes every day encreaſe upon us!

VINCENT. Madam, I am very ſorry to diſtreſs you, but that villain Tomlinſon has ruined me. My family are languiſhing at preſent, dying, I may ſay, for want of food; and, if in eight-and-forty hours I cannot raiſe two hundred guineas, I muſt go to priſon.

PAWLETT. Your unhappy ſituation, heightens ours. You ſee the ſad remainder of a fortune ruined by the ſelf-ſame man; and we are left without reſource.

VINCENT. Indeed, I do not ſee one piece of furniture of thoſe I furniſhed.

PAWLETT. No, we ſold them to pay off our debts, as far as what they fetched would go, and to provide ourſelves with food.

VINCENT. With food! and have you, really, no friend to help you?

PAWLETT. Really, no friend! and have you, Mr. Vincent, lived ſo long without a better knowledge of mankind. Relations, friends, and every body elſe forſake us.

VINCENT. I, for my part, can reſolve to die, without repining, in the priſon meant me. Tis but bringing on my final hour a little ſooner. But my wife and children.

EMILY *(to her huſband)* The condition of this worthy man affects my heart with ſorrow. Shall

Shall we let him have the guineas I received this morning?

PAWLETT. Oh, by all means. *(To Vincent)* Be of courage, Mr. Vincent. Let me beg you would; and for the preſent, take this trifle. *(giving him the guineas.)* They were given us, this morning to ſupply our own neceſſities; but yours are to the full as urgent.

VINCENT. But, without them, what will you yourſelves do.

PAWLETT. Never fear, on our account: we have enough ſtill left.

VINCENT. In that caſe, my good friend, I take them.

PAWLETT. And we hope we ſhall, ere long, be able to deliver you from your embarraſſments.

VINCENT. Dear Pawlett! is it poſſible?

PAWLETT. Yes, yes, I know a man who is no ſtranger to the fortune I ſhall come to, and will borrow what I want, of him.

VINCENT. What, ſir?——

PAWLETT. You ſhould not be a victim for my folly and imprudence. Go, and in a little time, I dare engage to extricate you from diſtreſs.

VINCENT. Dare I inquire how long I am to wait for ſuch aſſiſtance.

PAWLETT. You ſhall hear of me before the day is over.

VINCENT. Oh, how much, in that caſe, you will ſerve me!

PAWLETT.

PAWLETT. I do nothing but my duty.

EMILY. But, dear Pawlett, let me know what man this is, on whom you place ſo much reliance.

PAWLETT. One I did not think of for myſelf; but whom, my wiſh of aiding Mr. Vincent, brings to my remembrance. Mr. Warton.

VINCENT. Mr. Warton?

PAWLETT. Yes.

VINCENT. What, Mr. Warton, in Pall Mall, the banker?

PAWLETT. He, himſelf.

VINCENT. Do you rely on him, then?

PAWLETT. Certainly.

VINCENT. Alas, ſir, we are hopeleſs.

PAWLETT. Hopeleſs?

VINCENT. Yes, for two days ſince, he was declared a bankrupt.

PAWLETT. Heavens!

EMILY. Every thing conſpires againſt us.

VINCENT. Farewell, ſir, and madam. I am very much afflicted at the thought of heightening your diſtreſs: it was not my deſign to do ſo. Pardon me, I will not any longer trouble you. *(Goes out.)*

EMILY. This honeſt man's diſtreſſed condition aggravates my ſorrow. One may bear one's own misfortunes, but to bring misfortunes upon others, is a grievous thought. I am rejoiced I let him have the money.

PAWLETT.

PAWLETT. Yet, remember, deareſt Emily, twas all we had.

EMILY. No matter. Could I ſee him ſo afflicted, and not pity his diſtreſs? How could I feel for your affliction, if in others that affliction were not able to affect me?

PAWLETT. Ah, if heaven, hereafter ſhould befriend us, I perceive that every trial we ſhall both have ſuffered, will be beneficial to me; ſince it will evince the goodneſs of your heart.

EMILY. It is my love for you—

PAWLETT. Alas, you merited a better lot. How mournful to ſee her thus ſuffer, who was born to conſtitute the happineſs of all that know her.

EMILY. If I conſtitute your happineſs, what more need I deſire?

PAWLETT. At leaſt not to be preyed on by neceſſity; but, let us think how we may put it off. What is there left us of our furniture, that we may ſell and live on.

EMILY. I foreſee your project. Come and ſee. — But dont I hear a knock? Who can it be?

PAWLETT. I know not. *(Calling out)* Come in there.

EMILY. Who can this be?

An OFFICER *(of the Marſhelſea, attended by his* FOLLOWER, *coming in.)* By virtue of a judgement, ſir, obtained againſt you through default,—

PAWLETT. I do nothing but my duty.

EMILY. But, dear Pawlett, let me know what man this is, on whom you place ſo much reliance.

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PAWLETT. Yet, remember, dearest Emily, twas all we had.

EMILY. No matter. Could I see him so afflicted, and not pity his distress? How could I feel for your affliction, if in others that affliction were not able to affect me?

PAWLETT. Ah, if heaven, hereafter should befriend us, I perceive that every trial we shall both have suffered, will be beneficial to me; since it will evince the goodness of your heart.

EMILY. It is my love for you—

PAWLETT. Alas, you merited a better lot. How mournful to see her thus suffer, who was born to constitute the happiness of all that know her.

EMILY. If I constitute your happiness, what more need I desire?

PAWLETT. At least not to be preyed on by necessity; but, let us think how we may put it off. What is there left us of our furniture, that we may sell and live on.

EMILY. I foresee your project. Come and see. — But dont I hear a knock? Who can it be?

PAWLETT. I know not. *(Calling out)* Come in there.

EMILY. Who can this be?

An OFFICER *(of the Marshelsea, attended by his* FOLLOWER, *coming in.)* By virtue of a judgement, sir, obtained against you through default,—

PAWLETT. Default, ſir—In what ſuit, I am a ſtranger—

The OFFICER. You were ſerved, as I imagine, with the declaration?

PAWLETT. No, ſir, never.

The OFFICER. Tis, however, the ſame thing as if you had been.

PAWLETT. How, ſir, the ſame thing?

The OFFICER. Becauſe, ſir, judgement has been given againſt you: and muſt now be put in execution.

PAWLETT. Is it at the ſuit of an upholſterer, one Vincent?

The OFFICER. Vincent?—No. He was, indeed, among the creditors of Tomlinſon; but he has juſt now been to have his name ſtruck out.

PAWLETT. Has Mr. Vincent?

The OFFICER. Yes, ſir. Doubtleſs you have paid him.

EMILY. Ah, dear Pawlett. What! Can Mr. Vincent, one in his inferior ſituation have behaved himſelf ſo nobly? — What a generous ſoul muſt he not be poſſeſſed of?

The OFFICER. If you have it in your power to pay the money I am going to diſtrain for, I can eaſily deſiſt; provided you come down beforehand with a handſome preſent.

PAWLETT. Ah, ſir, we have nothing in the world. That Tomlinſon has ſtolen from us the laſt penny we poſſeſſed.

The OFFICER. In that caſe, ſir, this furniture,

niture, and what is in the adjoining chamber, muſt be ſeized on. I am going to diſtrain for fifteen pounds.

PAWLETT. For heaven's ſake ſtay a little, ſir.

The OFFICER. I cannot. *(To the Follower)* Go you into the next room, and take an inventory of the furniture, while I do the like here. *(The Follower does as he is ordered; and the officer walks to and fro, and writes the while.)*

PAWLETT. For pity's ſake, ſir, hear me.

The OFFICER. 'Tis in vain you aſk me. I hear no one; but muſt do my duty.

EMILY. And what, pray, can poſſibly induce you to take up with ſuch a wretched occupation as you follow?

The OFFICER. The neceſſity of living, madam.

EMILY. The neceſſity of living! and can any one be ſaid to live, who has ſuch ſhocking ſcenes to be concerned in?

The OFFICER. Uſe, uſe, madam. Uſe is every thing.

PAWLETT. Leave him to do whatever he thinks proper, Emily. Does he deſerve a ſingle look from you? Let us forget there are ſuch people in the world. Come here, and look into the ſtreet, where we ſhall ſee much worthier characters in thoſe that get their bread by daily labour. That, we cannot have recourſe to; but, if heaven ordains we ſhould continue

to live ſtill, no doubt he is preparing for us, ſuch a ſort of ſuccour, as we little think of. *(While Emily and Pawlett thus employ themſelves, the officer continues writing till the Follower now returns.)*

The FOLLOWER. I have done, ſir.

The OFFICER. Take theſe chairs, this table, and theſe curtains, then; and put them with the others. *(While the Follower removes them into the adjoining room)* There's nothing elſe worth ſelling. Let me ſee this pallet. *(Looking at it)* Stuffed with ſtraw!—Not worth removing. Let it e'en lie where it is. *(To the Follower, who now comes back again)* What, you have done? Well, take this padlock, and ſecure the door. *(After every thing is faſt; to Mr. Pawlett)* You know the cuſtom, I ſuppoſe. In three days time, unleſs you ſhould redeem your goods before, they will be ſold by auction. Should you, in the interim, preſume to force the padlock, you may eaſily conceive the conſequences. And ſo, ſir, and madam, a good day. *(The officer and follower both go out.)*

EMILY *(turning round, and ſeeing nothing but the pallet left.)* Oh, heavens! this, then, is all we now have left to lie on!

PAWLETT. Dear, dear Emily! what ſay you?

EMILY. I am fainting. Save me, ſave me, Pawlett. *(She falls upon the pallet, Pawlet catches her.)*

PAWLETT,

PAWLETT. Miſerable as I am! dear Emily! do not expire without me. What aſſiſtance can I give her? She muſt have her ſmelling bottle in her pocket. *(He feels for it.)* Here it is. *(Looks at it, and obſerves the gold with which tis mounted.)* But, heavens! what thought thus ſtrikes me of a ſudden! This gold mount affords me hope of a reſource. *(Applies the ſmelling bottle to the noſe of Emily.)* My dear, dear Emily! *(She comes a little to herſelf.)* Recall your ſpirits. Hope revives in my own heart. Be once again yourſelf, that you may ſhare it with me.

EMILY *(reviving.)* Whence, alas! can you derive it, after every thing we have thus loſt.

PAWLETT. Oh, you ſhall quickly know; but now the time is precious.

EMILY. Quickly, do you ſay? Explain yourſelf, dear Pawlett.

PAWLETT. No: at preſent, let me quit you for a quarter of an hour, or thereabouts; and be not in the leaſt alarmed. I neither can ſurvive, or die, without you. Do not, then, detain me here.—Farewell. *(Goes out.)*

EMILY. Oh, heaven!

PAWLETT *(coming back.)* Hear me, my deareſt Emily. By this meaans, you ſhall know for certain, whether our misfortunes are to finiſh. If I come back to you in a coach, deſirous to inform you of good news as ſpeedily as poſſible, be then of comfort, and throw out into the river this ſame pallet, which is nothing

but the token of our indigence, that I may have no object to remind me of it. Once again, farewell.

EMILY. I will obey you; but in what diſtreſs do you not leave me! Go, however, and may heaven, dear Pawlett, favour your deſigns. *(Pawlett goes out.)*

EMILY *(alone.)* What project can he have in contemplation? and why not inform me of it? *Time is precious*, did he ſay? What, in the name of heaven, would he thus think of doing? would he once more ſuffer his confiding heart to be abuſed with the deluſive hope of finding, ſtill, ſome bounteous friend? Alas, he will not proſper; for, adverſity keeps more aloof, than it inſpires with pity to draw near the unfortunate. *(Looking at the pallet)* This, then, is all now left us, of that brilliant fortune we were born to! But, alas! could I foreſee I ſhould induce the ruin and deſpair of him I am in love with. Fatal paſſion, that ſo uniformly faſcinates us with the proſpect of a happy ſituation! Love, that I ſtill cheriſh, notwithſtanding all the evils thou haſt brought upon the huſband I adore, let not misfortunes ſeparate us now for ever; but unhappy though he may be, bring him back to my deſpairing arms. *(She liſtens)* But dont I hear a carriage. *(She goes to the window, and looks out)* No. He cannot have had time, as yet, to go where he deſigned, however ſhort the diſtance, and return. Why, why, did I not follow him?—

(Liſtening

(Liſtening again) Methinks, I hear a foot upon the ſtairs now: if tis he, no doubt but he returns without ſucceeding. *(Going to the door)* Is it you, dear Pawlett?

A SERVANT *(coming in.)* Is it here one Mr. Pawlett has apartments, madam?

EMILY. Yes.

The SERVANT. Is he at home?

EMILY. No, friend, but I expect him every minute.

The SERVANT. Good.

EMILY. May I not know your buſineſs, friend.

The SERVANT. My buſineſs was to come, and make enquiry if the perſon were at preſent to be ſpoke with; and go back as ſpeedily as I was able, to the gentleman that ſent me. *(Goes out.)*

EMILY. What can this man want? what could induce him to inquire if Pawlett were at home? Another creditor of the abominable Tomlinſon, perhaps.—I tremble.—If he ſhould arreſt my huſband.—Let it not be thought I would forſake him. I would follow him to priſon, and much rather part with life, than him. What new inquietude! There can be no diſtreſs then, I perceive, but what may ſtill increaſe.—But, hark! *(liſtens)* a coach ſtops at the door. Tis Pawlett, *(looking out of the window)* yes, tis he, indeed. He has ſucceeded, and our miſery is now to finiſh. Let me do the thing he bade me. *(Throws the pallet through the window. Pawlett enters pale and*

and feeble) Ah, dear Pawlett!—you are, then, come home again, and in a coach? — But, what!—oh, heavens!—what ails you?

PAWLETT. Dear, dear Emily! what have you done?—The pallet?

EMILY. I have thrown it out into the river, as you bade me.

PAWLETT. We have nothing in the world, then, left us!

EMILY. What means this? Did you not tell me, if I ſaw you in a coach——

PAWLETT. Alas! I let the hope of ſoftening your diſtreſs, amuſe me.

EMILY. You have been deceived, then?

PAWLETT. Yes, dear Emily: that ſmelling bottle which I gave you in the infancy of our acquaintance, and which, therefore, could not but be precious to me, I went out, and ſold: with what it fetched me, I repaired directly to a billiard table, and propoſed a bett on one then playing. I conſidered not the probability of loſing. I determined to owe fortune every thing, if I ſhould win. My bett was inſtantly accepted, and I won it. I propoſed another bett, won that, and ſo on animated by my firſt ſucceſs to venture farther, till, at laſt, the ſcale was turned, and I loſt every thing. All this was the tranſaction ſcarcely of five minutes. Judge of my deſpair! grief overwhelmed me. I fell down upon the floor: the gameſters got about me: by their aid I came a little to myſelf, but could

could not ſtand. I mentioned my abode, and out of charity they ſent me in a carriage home; as I deſigned to come, if I had been ſucceſsful.

EMILY. Well then, let us die: what change of fortune can we now expect will happen? Hunger will ſoon terminate our wretched being.

PAWLETT. Were you born to undergo ſo frightful a cataſtrophe?—If heaven muſt have a victim, tis I only——

EMILY. What, and would you die without me? Let not death divide us. But what ſay I? —Poſſibly this very moment.——Dear, dear ſpouſe, *(clinging to him,)* nothing ſhall ſunder us. No, no; not death itſelf. *(Hearing a noiſe.)* Oh, heavens!—Hold, hold, barbarians.

PAWLETT. Be compoſed——

EMILY, They come! they come!

MAXWELL *(Pawlett's friend appearing, while this laſt is taken up with Emily.)* Ah, Pawlett! Have I found you out at laſt then? but in what a ſituation!

PAWLETT *(turning about.)* Maxwell! my good friend. Am I deceived, or is it you? What buſineſs brings you hither, and ſo unexpectedly? My uncle ſurely means not to arreſt me.

MAXWELL. To arreſt you! Ah, my poor, dear Pawlett, he is dead.

PAWLETT *(with a ſigh.)* My uncle dead!

MAXWELL. Yes, truly is he. I have been theſe three days ſeeking out your dwelling, to inform

form you of it. He is dead. Deſpair, for his harſh treatment of you, aided the diſeaſe he was attacked with, to deſtroy him; and by way of compenſation, he has left you all he had.

PAWLETT. Alas! why did he ſtay to give me ſuch a proof of his affection, till the final moment of his life. How ſweet I ſhould have thought it, to convince him of the truth of my repentance for paſt miſbehaviour; and have ſeen him view me without rage, before he died!

MAXWELL. You know, dear Pawlett, how inflexible he was: but death effected a ſupriſing alteration in him.

PAWLETT. Deareſt Emily, after ſo many ſufferings, your unſpotted virtue is rewarded.

EMILY. I rejoice, dear Pawlett, that my fears on your account are thus for ever baniſhed. But, at preſent, we muſt ſend for Mr. Vincent: he was kind to us; and our enjoyment will not be complete, unleſs we make him happy likewiſe.

PAWLETT. You have got the ſtart of me, dear Emily, in thus declaring your intention: and I am not jealous of you for thus thinking juſt as I did. By aſſiſting this good man, we ſhall give thanks to heaven for our own happineſs.

EMILY. We are too happy.—And to make us more ſo, here he is.

VINCENT *(coming.)* Ah, madam!

EMILY. Mr. Vincent——

VINCENT. I have found a friend, a friend beyond

beyond all expectation and example; and the ſuccour ſhe deſigns me, I will ſhare with you.

EMILY. Oh, what a man!

PAWLETT, A friend! Tell me the whole, dear Vincent: Let me feaſt on the idea that mankind are not ſo wretched, but adverſity may ſtill find friends.

VINCENT. At Richmond, I have learned, by glad experience, there reſides an honourable lady, whoſe whole life is paſſed in doing good; and to whoſe charity, diſtreſs at all times has a claim; but who, in every action of her charity, like heaven itſelf, when he ſends rain upon the earth to do it good, remains unſeen. This lady, ſomehow or another, got informed of my diſtreſs and your reception of me; for be ſure, I could not ſtifle the affair of your ſix guineas in my heart; but mentioned it to every one I had to ſpeak with. Well then, I have juſt received a meſſage from this lady by a gentleman, who would not tell me who ſhe is, with twenty guineas for my preſent uſe, and an aſſurance, that tomorrow ſhe will think how ſhe may do me greater good. Take back then your ſix guineas, and as much out of my twenty as will be of uſe.

PAWLETT. No, Vincent; I have liſtened to your ſtory; ſince, for upwards of a month paſt, in my own diſtreſs, I had not heard that word *friend* mentioned to me. Keep, however, what my Emily ſo freely-hearted gave you.

We

We are now in want no longer; nor ſhall you be ſo.

VINCENT. Have you then found a friend? Perhaps my benefactreſs?——

PAWLETT No; but ſtill, the benefit I have received is no leſs meant me by God's providence; and ſuch as makes me happy.

VINCENT. Who more merits happineſs?

EMILY. You, Mr. Vincent.

PAWLETT. Yes, dear Emily. By ſharing our good fortune, ſhall we ſtill the more enjoy it. Maxwell, we have been old friends. Let us be ſtill ſo; and you, Vincent, look to me henceforward for your re-eſtabliſhment in trade, and let your unknown benefactreſs keep the, ſuccour ſhe deſigned you, for ſome other no leſs worthy object.

THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the Spectator, is the following paragraph upon the ſubject of the annexed little Poem.

"THE Two Children in the Wood," is one of the darling ſongs of the common people, and has been the delight of moſt Engliſhmen in ſome part of their age.

This ſong is a plain ſimple copy of nature, deſtitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical ſtory, and pleaſes for no other reaſon but becauſe it is a copy of nature. There is even a deſpicable ſimplicity in the verſe; and yet becauſe the ſentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the moſt polite

reader with inward meltings of humanity and compaſſion. The incidents grow out of the ſubject, and are ſuch as are the moſt proper to excite pity; for which reaſon the whole narration has ſomething in it very moving, notwithſtanding the author of it, whoever he was, has delivered it in ſuch an abject phraſe and poorneſs of expreſſion, that the quoting any part of it would look like a deſign of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before ſaid, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not judges of language, or thoſe who, notwithſtanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taſte of nature. The condition, ſpeech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and diſtreſs of the children, are ſet forth in ſuch tender circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumſtance of the Robin-red-breaſts, it is indeed a little poetical ornament: and to ſhew the genius of the author amidſt all his ſimplicity, it is juſt the ſame kind of fiction which one of the greateſt Latin poets has made uſe of upon a parallel occaſion; I mean that paſſage in Horace, where he deſcribes himſelf when he was a child, fallen aſleep in a deſert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

Me

Me fabuloſæ Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere———— Od. 4. l. 3. v. 9.

The editor has therefore improved on this intimation of Mr. Addiſon, and attempted to produce another *Children in the Wood*; of which the language, he preſumes to think, in ſome ſort, is more elevated. Nothing farther need be ſaid: his readers, notwithſtanding what he may advance, will think they ought to be fit judges of the piece's merit; and to them it is ſubmitted.

THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

NOT from either of the Nine,
Inſpiration do I crave;
Nature, breathe thou in each line,
Thou ſhalt all my homage have.
Nor you vers'd in learned lore,
Do I wiſh ſhould ſcan my ſong;
Nature's votaries read it o'er,
Tis to you the lines belong.

Light, till doomſday, lie the ſod
On his head, whoſe homely ſtrain
Sung in paths where men ne'er trod,
Jeſs and Jenny children twain:
Jeſs and Jenny's parents dear,
Both were on a ſick bed bound;
Kinsfolk and domeſtics near,
All at once in ſorrow drown'd.

Brother, with enfeebled tone,
Said the expiring parent lo,
We muſt die; and you alone
To our babes can pity ſhow.

Of

Of life's goods a plenteous ſtore,
Heaven be prais'd! we leave them here:
This will ſtead them much; but more
Let your love their childhood rear.

Thus the father: his ſad wife
Could not ſpeak, with anguiſh fraught:
She, that for her children's life
Death would joyfully have ſought,
Could not the ſad thought ſuſtain
From her babes of being torn;
Tortur'd with heart rending pain,
Nothing could ſhe do but mourn.

Be of heart, the inſidious man
To his brother thus rely'd;
Nor you, ſiſter, feel one pang;
Harm ſhall ne'er your babes betide,
Should your children die, the gold
Left them, will, tis true, be mine:
Yet may they the gift long hold,
Happy when my days decline.

More he would have ſaid; but death
Seal'd the expiring parents' eyes;
And with cold hand chill'd their breath,
Seizing fierce his double prize.
At their children, a laſt look
Glancing rueful as they lay;
While their frame convulſions ſhook,
Both together paſs'd away.

Sleep in peace; a parent's heart
Is God's work, and his alone.
Such had ye; and future ſmart
Shall not to your ſenſe be known.
Happy be ye: here again,
Never your ſweet babes, 'tis true,
Shall you ſee; but, freed from pain,
They ſhall ſurely go to you.

PART II.

Scarce twelve fleeting months were run;—
Avarice, could you not afford
Innocence ſhould ſee the Sun
Longer at an uncle's board?
By your dire ſuggeſtion led,
Moves to ſuch foul deeds the mind;
That no tears, by childhood ſhed,
Mercy at your hands can find?

Think, while at your wealth immenſe
Charm'd, you glance—foul demon, think
Others, like you, have a ſenſe;
And from pleaſure's cup would drink.
Pleaſures innocent; while you
Guilty tranſports only ſhare.
Ponder this, and pitying view,
Lovely children, heaven's own care.

Vain advice; for ſcarce, I ſay,
Could a twelvemonth's compaſs end,
When the uncle nam'd a day,
Londonward theſe babes to ſend:
Education the pretence.
Damned ſcheme, not laid in vain!
Go, ſays the falſe kinſman, hence,
Never to return again.

For two ruffian hearts; than whom
Hell ne'er form'd a fouler pair;
Undertake to work their doom
Onward as tow'rds town they fare.
With what pleaſure were they fraught,
(Twas their whole days theme, and night's)
When of ſuch a ride they thought!
Such good things! and ſuch fine ſights!

Woods there are, the uncle ſaid,
In the way thro' which you go;
And theſe brats, would they were dead!
But, that you have hearts I know.
Daggers too you have; and theſe
Are too ſnakes acroſs my way.
Be my friends, and give me eaſe;—
Yes, enough, enough, cried they.

Saying this, to horſe they got,
Taking either child before,
Who ſcarce dreamt of any plot,
From the face their murd'rers wore:

Whom

Whom they prattled to with hearts
So rejoic'd, and loving too,
That within, ONE felt ſome ſtarts
Thinking what he meant to do.

Bleſs, oh heaven! this ſeed of grace
Planted in a yielding mind:
Children's angels ſee thy face:
Our's ſome guardian then ſhall find.
Let the wicked man, who knows
One more ſo is ſtanding by,
Some ſlight praiſe his due ſuppoſe;
For lo, now a wood is by!

PART III.

Soon they reach'd the frowning ſhade!
When the children, playful ſtill,
'Light, as order'd, undiſmayed,
For, alas! they fear'd no ill.
Hapleſs babes! your merry mood
Ended, when his knife one drew,
(Oft before with blood embrew'd)
And came up to pierce you thro'

No, exclaims the other; no:
Active the fell arm to ſtay
That had aim'd the fatal blow;
Let us not theſe children ſlay.

Not?

Not? and why? replied the firſt.
Need I tell you, anſwer'd he?
Why then, but becauſe accurs'd,
Now I think the deed would be.

Faunting here the other ſpoke;
Angry were the firſt's replies:
Out into loud oaths they broke;
Fury kindled in their eyes;
And the poniards they had brought
With them their twin charge to kill,
Now, with no leſs murd'rous thought,
Turn'd each other's blood to ſpill.

Scream'd our children at the fight!
Palpitated their whole frame!
On their cheek, as well it might,
A death looking paleneſs came.
Heav'd each boſom; and their breath
Struggled its abode to rend;
For, on him that then ſcap'd death,
Did their deſtiny depend.

Where, poor children, then, was ſhe
That whenever you complain'd,
Us'd to take you on her knee,
Aſking what her dear ones pain'd?—
Gone for ever; and he, too,
Whoſe fond arms would claſp you round:
Thoſe you wanted, and in lieu,
Near you, coarſeſt hands you found.

Mourn,

Mourn their fate, my ſweet Ann Smith:
Innocent they were, like you,
Gentle, and had all wherewith
Love to kindle at one view.
To my heart your form ſo fair
Strain I cloſe, while this I write;
Kiſs you; and cry out in pray'r,
Never may you know their plight.

But, thank heav'n, the wretch now fell,
Who no pity would have ſhown;
Curs'd his fate, and ſunk to hell;
Blaſphemous his final groan.
Now, perhaps, will pity ſmile,
Thinking Jenny ſafe, and Jeſs:
Ah! not ſo: their fate, the while,
Chang'd to more ſevere from leſs.

PART IV.

For, affrighted at the thought
Of the murder he had done,
Ponder'd the ſurvivor nought
But how juſtice he ſhould ſhun.
To the children, ſtay, ſaid he,
Poſting off with might and main,
Hence will we be gone all three,
Hither, when I come again.

From

From this promiſe of the man,
Comfort our poor children took;
And the way they ſaw he ran,
Fix'd a while their ardent look.
Turning thither oft, till day
Spent in fruitleſs hope, was o'er:
Promis'd them he had; but they
Never were to ſee him more.

Night, by this time veil'd the ſky:
Night, whoſe ſilence awes ev'n men.
How did you not quake and cry?
Terrified, poor children, then.
But, to aggravate your fright,
Soon ye felt a want of food:
How could ye be fed by night;
And in ſuch a ſolitude?

All night long, with heart oppreſs'd,
Roam'd they, (piteous tale to tell!)
Wanting ſleep: for, how could reſt
With ſuch fear and famine dwell?
Till day's dawn, when appetite,
Whoſe keen rage their vitals tore,
Drove them in their wretched plight,
To that fruit the buſhes bore.

Then, with blackberries beſmear'd
Were their lips; not ſuch as when
Gazers, by the ſight endear'd,
Kiſs'd them ev'ry now and then:

But,

But, not long that wretched food
Suited their too tender frame:
Soon a weakning flux enſu'd,
Haſting to put out life's flame.

Bleſſed God, look down, and ſee
Our poor babes thus weak and ſpent;
All their cry would be to thee,
Knew they what religion meant.
Nature's children are they now:
Nature leaves unſuccour'd, none:
Succour theſe, then: art not thou,
Lord of heav'n and nature, one?

Fruitleſs pray'r: forlorn they ſtray'd,
No one yielding them relief,
Succour, comfort, hope, or aid,
Till death clos'd their ſcene of grief.
But, tho' none in death were by,
Their ſad fortune to deplore;
Robin Redbreaſts piouſly
Cover'd them with leaves all o'er.

PART V.

Happy are ye now: but he,
Your falſe uncle, ſhall he thrive?
And, to you ſo barb'rous, ſee
His in fortune's lap ſurvive?

No: for mark a righteous God,
You that children have in truſt,
Trembling leſt his vengeful rod
Scourge you, if you prove unjuſt.

For, not many months were paſt,
When, ſcarce credible to tell!
Soreſt ills, and long to laſt,
Our falſe uncle's houſe befell.
In one night, his fair abode,
Barns, and all within them found,
Children not exempt, were ſtrow'd,
Burnt and ſmoaking on the ground.

He himſelf the only one
In the conflagration ſav'd:
Yet, his fate he could not ſhun;
Such an end he might have crav'd.
But to die a ling'ring death
Dragg'd to jail the villain went,
There, in anguiſh drawing breath,
Painfully his life he ſpent.

And his ſoul,—while thoſe that here
His inſatiate thirſt of gold
Cruelly cut off, appear
Saints all glorious to behold,
And in heav'n's bright manſion wear
Crowns that never ſhall decay—
Tortur'd with the laſt deſpair,
Howls eternity away.

Tortur'd! but, not ſo:—ſhall I
  Arrogate heav'n's dooming power?
Or his mercy's rights deny
  In man's ſupplicating hour?
No.—His arm let no one bound:
  Great, then, tho' we own his ſin,
Hope we, his ſad ſoul has found
  Greater ſtill has mercy been.

Come then to my heart, ſome thought
  Gentler than of death and hell:
Come, ye Redbreaſts, who love-fraught
  Sung, perhaps, our babes' farewell.
Come; and in my dwelling find
  Always a ſure reſting place,
When hard froſts the ſtreamlet bind,
  Or you rear your tender race.

And you, too, unfeeling boy
  Newly broke from ſchool and bounds,
Shun the Redbreaſt to annoy,
  Still if you *muſt* go your rounds.
Jeſs and Jenny's bodies ſleep,
  In the grave they pious made:
But ſtrict watch their ſpirits keep
  Where the Redbreaſts' eggs are laid.

THE

CONSCIENTIOUS BOOKSELLER.

EVERY thing in life, one might be apt to think, depends on chance; and nothing more ſo than the reputation of an author, who ſhall proſper in the world, or fail, as accident ſubmits his labour to a conſcientious and enlightened tradeſman for the ſale of his production, or ſubjects him to an ignorant or avaricious one. The perſon we ſhall here call Pindar, was ſo happy as to fall into the hands of an enlightened, conſcientious bookſeller, who, for the better carrying on the ſtory, we will repreſent as ſpeaking to himſelf as follows, on the ſubject of a poem in his hand, which had been given him by a brother tradeſman, to peruſe. That brother tradeſman's name, let us imagine Millpoſt.

What a murdering ſatire! What groſs perſonalities! Should my near neighbour Milipoſt buy this work, he will be badly off, I fancy.

The poor man has ſcarce a grain of penetration; nothing of that knowledge our profeſſion ſtands ſo much in need of. He is young, however, and conſiders my experience may be ſerviceable to him: let me, therefore, give him ſome diſintereſted counſel.

Millpoſt, who, it ſeems, was anxious to be told what Philo, or the conſcientious bookſeller, conſidered of the merits of the poem he had put into his hands, here entered on a viſit.

You are come quite a propos, ſaid Philo. I have juſt now finiſhed the peruſal of your poem.

Millpost. Well, and what is your idea of it?

Philo. That you cannot think of publiſhing ſo vehement a ſatire as it ſeems to be; and that the author will do very well to hide his name.

Millpost. Yes, that he means to do: and even I myſelf am not acquainted with it. But, pray tell me, does the ſatire wound?

Philo. Wound! It has put me out of patience.

Millpost. All the better! That will make it ſell.

Philo. Yes; but will it ever be reprinted. No performance of this kind can have a permanent ſucceſs. Ill will is for the moment entertained with ſuch a libel; but diſguſt

ſoon

ſoon follows ſuch a frivolous and culpable amuſement.

MILLPOST. Do you think, however, it has any ſhining parts.

PHILO. It ſeems to me that works of ſuch a kind as this, ſhow nothing but the author's depravation. As he always judges with the greateſt partiality, and ſacrifices truth, together with his reputation, to the wicked wiſh of hurting people's minds, it is impoſſible it ſhould not be, in almoſt every line, diſguſtful.

MILLPOST. Yes, it may be ſo: but what I aſk, is, if the work be flat or ſpirited?

PHILO. In my idea, it wants common ſenſe. There is, however, ſome degree of merit viſible in many places; but, what author is without ſome lucky hits, particularly when reſolved to know no bounds?

MILLPOST. Come, let me have my manuſcript. I will reflect on the affair at leiſure.

PHILO *(giving back the manuſcript.)* Take it. I ſee very plainly you will buy this wretched medley. I am ſorry upon your account.

MILLPOST. But, dont you ſay it has ſome merit? and the price is only fifteen guineas.

PHILO. Millpoſt—to become the purchaſer or printer of a work good people cannot read without the greateſt indignation, is to ſhare the author's faults. To ſhare them, did I ſay? A bookſeller is more to be condemned in this caſe, than the author; ſince he cannot plead in palliation of his conduct, either the illuſions

of ſelf, or that ridiculous deſire of fame, which may miſlead a young and inexperienced writer. This ſame poem offered you, falls foul of every author celebrated in the literary world. Tis poſſible the author may be ſtimulated by ſome private animoſities; or, who can tell, but he has reaſon to complain of thoſe he treats with ſo much rigour. I am well aware, that nothing authorizes writers to loſe ſight of juſtice, and forget the common duties of humanity, and that ſuch vengeance, more particularly when anonymous, is always an unpardonable meanneſs: but, if even in an author all repriſals are unwarrantable, what will people ſay of *you*, that bluſh not, without any provocation, to bring forth a libel levelled at ten people univerſally diſtinguiſhed by their learning, and that we particularly ſhould reſpect, ſince our exiſtence in the world of trade depends upon their labours?

MILLPOST. But, you think this little piece will ſell, then?—Morals laid aſide, you think it excellent?

PHILO *(ſmiling)* So, this is the reſult of all my preaching. I have made a very deep impreſſion on you, truly!

MILLPOST. Oh a truce, dear Philo, to your obſervations: you can talk like others at their eaſe. You are eſteemed by men of letters, and are rich and happy. Every day good rain down upon you.

PHILO.

PHILO. True; but I owe all my happineſs to nothing but the principles by which I have been guided hitherto. I never cheated or oppreſſed an author. By behaving to him with reſpect and juſtice, I have merited his friendſhip. The ſucceſs of ſuch a conduct is infallible. In my idea, the beſt ſyſtem is to be invariably honeſt; and in policy, this maxim is particularly applicable to ſuch people as are forced for their ſubſiſtence to make choice of a profeſſion: for a gentleman, I need not tell you, comes into ſociety with many great advantages, of which the greateſt very likely is, that happy prejudice a proper education is ſo ſuited to inſpire, and the idea that a gentleman can have no ſentiments that are not honourable. Every prejudice is in his favour. Every prejudice is, on the other hand, in our diſfavour. It is plain then, that without a ſpotleſs reputation, we can never gain that confidence from others which is really ſo neceſſary to eſtabliſh the ſucceſs of our intentions; and believe me, Millpoſt, tis not poſſible to gain it without merit.

MILLPOST. Certainly your way of moraliſing is quite excellent; and then, you act conformably thereto. But, as I juſt now ſaid, not only have you a diſtinguiſhed merit in your buſineſs, but are fortunate, and meet with matters that can never be aſcribed to any thing but your good ſtars. As for example, that laſt work you publiſhed with ſuch great ſucceſs, and which has had ſo vaſt a ſale. The author would

have

have let me have it, juſt for what you gave him, fifty guineas. I refuſed it, and in prudence ſhould have done ſo, as a gentleman diſtinguiſhed in the literary world, to whom I ſhowed the piece, aſſured me it was not worth reading. Add to this, that I conſidered how unknown the author was. On this account I gave him back his manuſcript; and notwithſtanding thoſe conſiderations that ſo juſtly made againſt the work, you bought it, and have gained ſo much.—— Here is an inſtance of good fortune, you muſt own.

PHILO. But, Millpoſt, do you know what made me purchaſe it? Becauſe on the peruſal it ſeemed excellent. Therefore I owe this lucky ſtroke, not as you ſay, to my good ſtars, but my good ſenſe; if I may ſay ſo much in my own praiſe.

MILLPOST. I thought you qualified enough to form ſome judgment of the merits of a pamphlet; but ſhould never have imagined you could form a competent idea of ſo learned and extenſive a performance. Come; I will own, in this caſe, tis ridiculous to talk of your *good ſtars*. If I had ever had your education, I ſhould then have been more fortunate on this occaſion, ſince it was to me the work was offered firſt.—You gave but fifty guineas for it.

PHILO. That is what the author aſked me.

MILLPOST. Fifty guineas for three volumes!—How dog-cheap!

PHILO. But after having read the work, I

was

was ſo perfectly aſtoniſhed at the genius of the author, that I counſelled him to print it at his own expence, and offered to advance the ſum beforehand it would coſt him.

MILLPOST. I ſhould never have imagined that.

PHILO. In fact, I printed off the work without requiring ſo much as a ſhilling of the author. The expence I have already made, and reaſonable profit: all above I look on as belonging to the author, who will get at leaſt five hundred guineas for his work.

MILLPOST. But this you may appropriate to yourſelf. I aſk your pardon, but methinks you puſh your generoſity to an extravagant degree.

PHILO. Thank heaven, I am rich enough to gratify my inclination on this head. But were it not ſo, could I find it in my heart to profit by the labours of an author, whoſe performance indicated ſo much genius? He will riſe in future, I am ſure, to real reputation. Will it not be honourable then to me, that I firſt furniſhed him, as certainly I have done, with the means of being ſo? Will he, at any time, forget it? Shall I not be ſure of printing all his future works? I find then, in the action I have been concerned in, both my intereſt and ſatisfaction.

MILLPOST. True: but I believe I ſee your nephew coming. So I take my leave till night, when I will come and tell you what I have reſolved

ſolved on, with reſpect to this ſame poem; for the author is to ſend a perſon for my anſwer in an hour. Farewel. *(He goes out.)*

PHILO. The ſame to you. I can at once divine what his reſolve will be. There's no ſuch thing as talking reaſonably to ſuch ignoramuſſes. *(To Henry coming in.)* Well, Henry?

HENRY. I am come to bring you back the book you lent me, uncle: and to have another.

PHILO. Have you drawn your extracts out of this, then?

HENRY. Yes.

PHILO. And made your little obſervations on the ſtyle, defects, and beauties of the work?

HENRY. Yes, uncle.

PHILO. Why not bring them with you then?

HENRY. Oh, for a ſpecial reaſon, ſir; becauſe they cannot be worth reading.

PHILO. I ſhall hardly think them a philoſopher's performance. You are only fifteen years of age, and cannot be conſidered capable of judging ſoundly any work; but by beginning early to comment on what you read, you may acquire, in time, the art of criticiſing juſtly, and with requiſite preciſion.

HENRY. Mr. Gradus has juſt left me, and is ſatisfied with the improvement I have made this month paſt in my Latin.

PHILO. You muſt no leſs pleaſe him in your Engliſh; for you know what buſineſs you are

are meant for. If then you ſhould be a ſtranger to your mother-tongue, depend upon it you will make a ſorry bookſeller; for how will you be qualified to aſcertain the merit of ſuch works as may be offered you? A tradeſman ought to know the value of thoſe goods he deals in, or tis eaſy to ſuppoſe he muſt be ruined. Tis exactly ſo with people of our trade, excepting only, that we need a knowledge much more difficult of acquiſition, than the generality of tradeſmen. In a word, your couſin Palmer cannot be deceived in judging of a piece of ſilk or ſattin; nor ſhould you, dear Henry, when you once come into buſineſs, be unfit to eſtimate the value of a book.

Henry. Undoubtedly, I ſhould not. That would be to ſtand upon a level with poor Millpoſt, who from ignorance refuſed a work you did not heſitate to publiſh.

Philo. Millpoſt has indeed no great degree of knowledge. In reality, how ſhould he; but the truth is, he has other ways of getting money ſurer, I muſt own, though not ſo honourable. His laſt publication of the Children's Friend appears a myſtery. He was the publiſher of that tranſlation for this very Mr. Pindar, who complains (though he has never ſaid a word upon that head to me,) that Millpoſt has incroached upon his right. To publiſh for another firſt, and after for one's ſelf, looks ugly. I will queſtion Mr. Pindar on the ſubject when I ſee him next, which will be ſhortly.

HENRY. A propos of Mr. Pindar: I have learned the reaſon of his being, as he has been, for this month, and more, ſo very thoughtful. He is quite unhinged in his affairs.

PHILO. Who told you ſo?

HENRY. Oh, as for that, my author is not to be doubted: but the ſtory is too tedious for the preſent. I was grieved to hear of Pindar's ſituation, he is ſuch a worthy man. 'Tis fortunate indeed for him, that you have reimburſed yourſelf the expences of his publication; the remaining copies of the work will be his own: but in the mean time, what is he to do for money?

PHILO. I am happy that you intereſt yourſelf in ſuch a manner for him. Always honour ingenuity, and learning. In reality, the man oppreſſed by fortune, and who joins deſert to genius, is entitled to reſpect, and ought to have an advocate in every feeling mind.

HENRY. Ah, uncle, here comes Mr. Pindar: who would have ſuppoſed it?

PHILO. Yes, tis he indeed. Go you up ſtairs, that we may have ſome talk together; and as ſoon as he has left me, I will come and overlook your obſervations.

HENRY *(going out.)* Yes, ſir.

PHILO. Come in, Mr. Pindar, if you pleaſe. You are beforehand with me. I deſigned, myſelf, to wait upon you in the evening.

PINDAR *(entering.)* I am glad then I ſhall ſpare you ſo much trouble. I deſire to have a little

little converſation with you, ſtanding as I do in need of conſolation. You, ſir, are the only friend I have.

PHILO. I hope I ſhall not ſhow myſelf unworthy ſuch a flattering title.

PINDAR. Well, ſir; there has juſt appeared another criticiſm on my work. It hurts me, I confeſs.

PHILO. Another criticiſm!—What, in the reviews?

PINDAR. No, ſir, it makes a pamphlet of itſelf, containing upwards of a hundred pages.

PHILO. This is the firſt tidings I have had of ſuch a publication, which already makes the ſixth attack upon your work. You could not have had more ſucceſs, I think.

PINDAR. Ah, ſir! you flatter me, while I am ſmarting under theſe attacks.

PHILO. I have no more than this to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the criticiſm on your work, the ſale continues; that a counterfeit edition is already circulated privately, and that in France, and other parts, tranſlations have for ſome time paſt been making. What would you deſire?

PINDAR. Had you but read this laſt attack upon me!—Not a ſingle reaſon: not one ſerious argument.—Nothing but a continual hiſs throughout.

PHILO. You would have had it different then? well founded, ſolid, and without defects?

PINDAR. No, truly; yet if truth wounds

ſometimes, it is always uſeful, while injuſtice overwhelms and ſhocks.

PHILO. You ſhould behold it with contempt.

PINDAR. What have I done to all theſe people, that they fall upon me thus?

PHILO. Merit will always ſtir up envy: but by modeſty and moderation, envy is diſarmed.

PINDAR. No, no. I am attacked on all ſides, know not what to do, and will defend myſelf.

PHILO. But, how?

PINDAR. By anſwering my maligners, with the ridicule they wiſh to throw on me.

PHILO. Why, that is all they want. You have compoſed a charming treatiſe, that not only does the higheſt honour to your parts, but gives a fair idea of your character and morals. This ineſtimable work has got you, and with juſtice, the good will of every virtuous individual; and the rage of thoſe attacking you does but increaſe it. But, if yielding to a blind reſentment, you engage in frivolous diſputes, and manifeſt that bitterneſs againſt your adverſaries they have ſpit on you, their works will thence receive more conſequence, and you will loſe that public eſtimation you have gained. Ah, ſir! recall that ſound philoſophy you have inculcated in almoſt every page throughout your treatiſe. Would you, then, deſtroy that fair idea of yourſelf you have ſo happily impreſſed

impreſſed the town with? Will you be ſo inconſiderate as to belie, by your behaviour, precepts which ſo many readers have, indeed, approved of, but for no one reaſon but becauſe they ſeem to have been drawn entirely from their fountain, in your heart? Forgive my age, and friendſhip for you, theſe reflections; and employ your underſtanding to a better purpoſe, I beſeech you. The beſt vengeance you can take on your opponents, is to think your time ſo precious that it ought not to be waſted in replying to their calumnies; and to produce another work that may increaſe your reputation.

PINDAR. I receive with gratitude ſuch ſalutary counſel, that convinces and affects me. Is it, notwithſtanding, poſſible, that I ſhould be attacked ſo virulently, and not ſhew the leaſt reſentment?

PHILO. Libels, of themſelves, at all times ſink into oblivion, when the perſon libelled ſcorns to anſwer: but of this, ſufficient for the preſent. Let me ſpeak a little freely to you on the ſtate of your affairs. Perhaps you find your family expenſive.

PINDAR. Oh, no matter. I can wait.

PHILO. Why, ſir, would you deny me, then, the ſatisfaction of advancing you a trifle on your work. This offer ought the leſs to hurt your delicacy, from the circumſtance that I am the depoſitary, now, of what belongs to you, ſince my expence upon your publication

is entirely reimburſed me, ſo that I can pay myſelf.

PINDAR. Ah, ſir, I am affected, as I ought to be, with gratitude, for ſo much goodneſs; and ſhould think myſelf contemptible, could I abuſe your generoſity. It is not, be aſſured, my pride on this occaſion, that refuſes.—No, I look upon you as a father. You beſtow the admonition of a father on me, and conduct yourſelf exactly like one: but the delicacy of my heart ſurpaſſes, I may ſay, my vanity. You have already done ſo much to ſerve me.—

PHILO. All exaggerated delicacy is but an exceſs produced, we muſt acknowledge, from a worthy cauſe, but diſapproved by reaſon. To confeſs you look upon me as a father, is to give me certainly the rights of one; and I am, therefore, authorized to lay aſide all empty compliments. I will, this evening ſend you, by my clerk, a hundred guineas, which I lend you for a very little while, becauſe the ſale of your performance will, in two months' time, at fartheſt, reimburſe me.

PINDAR. Is it poſſible? I cannot anſwer you.—I am ſo moved! ſo much affected! ah, good ſir, if you but knew what benefit you do me. My whole family is in diſtreſs for neceſſaries.

PHILO. Is it poſſible? I never could have thought as much: your recommender only mentioned you were put to difficulty in pro-

curing a ſubſiſtence, and had need of ſome one to protect you; but he mentioned, too, that being on the point of ſetting out for Holland, he had then no time for adding more; ſince which, I have not ſeen him, or, no doubt, he would have let me know the whole. Diſtreſſed for neceſſaries! I am happy, then, in ſuch an opportunity of giving you this trifling proof of my attachment.

PINDAR *(after a pauſe.)* Ought I to keep any thing a ſecret from you? *(Pulling a manuſcript out of his pocket)* Being hard put to it for the want of even victuals, and incenſed, beſides, at the unmerciful proceeding of my adverſaries, I had in one week compoſed a ſatire upon every one I thought my enemy.

PHILO. A ſatyr, in one week!

PINDAR. This odious kind of poetry is very eaſy. It requires no plan or genius; nothing but a deal of rancour and injuſtice. I was bitterly enraged, and in a few hours time compoſed this work, unworthy of my character, and which my heart and underſtanding now condemn. Here is the execrable ſtuff, my worthy friend: I wiſh to let you know how much I owe you, which I cannot do but by requeſting you to read the manuſcript. When you have done ſo, you will eaſily conceive, how great the joy muſt be of bringing back a ſuffering individual's heart, to its firſt love of truth and duty.

PHILO *(caſting his eye on the manuſcript.)* What means this?—I know your ſatyr. Millpoſt ſhould have bought it.

PINDAR. Yes, indeed. It was to him I offered it, well knowing, he had neither your ability or probity; and judging from his mode of conduct towards me, in another publication I was, not long ſince, engaged in, he would eaſily be wrought on to concern himſelf in any job, if it would only bring him in a ſum of money. Had I been diſpoſed to let you publiſh it, I was aware you would have thought yourſelf inſulted in the affair: but, Millpoſt, did not heſitate to act as my accomplice, without knowing, in the meantime, who I was; for every application to him in this buſineſs was conducted by another perſon. He ſent word to me, not twenty minutes ſince, that he would buy my ſatyr for five guineas, and returned it for ſuch alterations as myſelf, perhaps, might fancy needful. But, thank heaven, that ſent me hither. Your advice has ſhown me the enormity of my proceeding, and I heartily repent of what I meant to do.

PHILO. Oh, how rejoiced I am, in having merited your confidence! — This work that would have ruined you,—I have peruſed it.

PINDAR. Have peruſed it?

PHILO. Millpoſt brought it me, that he might have my judgement of it. How unworthy is it of your talents, and that ſenſibi-

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lity which ſpeaks in almoſt every paragraph of your late work.

PINDAR. I find ſo. — This firſt deviation led me on into a thouſand others, and ſubjected me to the exceſſes of injuſtice and inveterate hate. I cannot, without ſhuddering, think how near the point I was of forfeiting the little fame I have acquired; but now, I am inflamed with nothing but the wiſh of equity and moderation. I ſhall henceforth make it my whole care to treat the enemies I have, with juſtice. The illuſtrious boaſt of being, for the time to come, impartial, ſhall induce me to applaud them, without any effort on my part. I raiſe myſelf above, and can no longer hate them. Notwithſtanding their unſeaſonable virulence againſt my works, perhaps, alas! their hearts were formed to virtue.—What ſhould I myſelf have been without a friend.

PHILO. How charming a ſenſation you occaſion me! What pleaſure do I not enjoy, beholding as I do, peace ſpring up once again within a heart ſo generous as yours! peace, conſtantly the fruit of moderation, and the inſeparable partner or ally of generoſity and juſtice.—But, at preſent, let me aſk you half a dozen queſtions, on another ſubject. The report is, that my neighbour Millpoſt undertook to publiſh firſt your Children's Friend, and after, printed an edition of the work, upon his own account. In looking over both tranſlations, I diſcerned they were exactly word for word. Sure Millpoſt

poſt could not copy yours; that were too bare-faced. Tell me, if you pleaſe, the whole affair.

PINDAR. In brief, ſir, tis as follows: I applied to Millpoſt, when my work was in the preſs, and he agreed to publiſh it. He had the three firſt volumes ſent him, and by this time, owing to the favour of my friends, I had collected upwards of two hundred names, ſubſcribers. Millpoſt, growing now acquainted with the merit of the work, began to turn his thoughts on circumventing me; and offered, what he would have made me think, conditions for a ſhare therein. I told him, I ſhould willingly accede to an agreement with him, having got two hundred names, for which, as well as for my trouble in tranſlating, he would certainly allow me a conſideration. His reply was, my ſubſcription liſt was nothing in the world to him; that he would print the book at his expence and riſque, and if there ſhould be any profit, ſhare it with me; but that every copy I might want for my ſubſcribers, muſt be paid for. I could not agree to this, becauſe, in fact, there was no riſque.—Then, take your books away, ſaid Millpoſt, I will print the work myſelf.

PHILO. What! word for word from yours?

PINDAR. That I ſhall ſhortly come to. After this abrupt ſurrender of his truſt, I heard no more of Millpoſt for about ſix months and upwards; during all which time, the printing

of

of his work went on, and mine was finiſhed. When about a fourth of Millpoſt's work, as it appears, was printed, it ſo happened that he met me in the ſtreet, and entering into converſation, told me, *he might take my work, without my leave, but wiſhed to give me a conſideration for it.* Do you mean, then, in reality, to take it, anſwered I, unleſs I come to an agreement with you? *I dont ſay I will*, was his reply. *All I need ſay, is, that I wiſh to pay you for the liberty of finiſhing my work by yours.* What could I do? I knew his principles, and was compelled into a bargain with him. He agreed to purchaſe twenty copies of my publication, at the ſelling price. This, ſir, is all I had for what he makes ſuch profit of at preſent; which I would not have agreed to, had I not been certain this abominable Millpoſt would have copied my tranſlation, changing here and there a word. In fact, the truth is, that if happily I had not previouſly to the appearance of this publication, got a number of ſubſcribers, he would certainly have ruined me. Now, judge yourſelf, ſir, of the matter.

PHILO. Millpoſt is a brother, therefore I ſhall make no comment on his conduct; and particularly as my nephew is at preſent waiting for me in my chamber. Let us go up to him, after which we will reſume our converſation on this ſubject.

PINDAR. Yes; but, if you pleaſe, we will begin by burning this offenſive manuſcript; on which

which, I cannot caſt my eyes, believe me' without bluſhing.

PHILO. How will you applaud yourſelf in future for this commendable ſacrifice!

PINDAR. I am already very well rewarded for it, in poſſeſſing of your eſteem: but, come, let us at preſent change the ſcene.

PHILO. May every author, jealous of his real intereſts, adopt your generous way of thinking.

A

MOTHER'S BOSOM

IS

GOD's WORK ALONE.

DORIS was the only daughter of a lady of acknowledged virtue and diſcretion. She was ſix years old, had naturally a good heart, with great ſincerity, compliance, affability,

lity, and underſtanding; but was very ſlothful. She ſubmitted to inſtruction with the greateſt readineſs; but, after all, learned ſcarcely anything.

Her mother was poſſeſſed of every talent to become an excellent inſtructreſs, but the thing ſhe wanted, was experience; having never in her life had any other little one than this. She hoped that greater age and reaſon would correct this imperfection in her child, and therefore did but tell her ſharply of her fault, without inflicting any puniſhment upon her; a forbearance, which at laſt occaſioned her the greateſt ſorrow.

By the time, however, ſhe was eight years old, her mother ſeeing that the little creature's idleneſs did not abate, conceived a plan of putting down on paper, every evening, the amount of ſuch things as were loſt or ſpoiled in conſequence of her exceſſive indolence, and of the leſſons which, through frequently pretended illneſſes, ſhe did not take.

In twelve months time the ſum of this account, was fifty pounds; but, Doris, who was yet but nine years old, was very little moved at ſuch a calculation. Her indulgent mother, thinking, when ſhe came to know the worth of money, matters would be altered with her, carried on the journal with her firſt exactneſs.

I made uſe, juſt now, of the expreſſion, frequently pretended illneſſes; for, when her maſters came

came to teach her, ſhe complained of head-achs; and theſe headachs were, as juſt now mentioned, frequently pretended: to ſo great a crime, did her unhappy indolence conduct her. And tis thus, that every fault, when it becomes the ruling one in children, is productive of the worſt conſequences. Doris naturally was ſincere: but ſhe was ſtill more indolent; and, to avoid the leaſt fatigue, ſhe had recourſe to falſity and lying, not without remorſe and even ſorrow; but, her indolence bore down before it all her ſcruples.

Doris was by this time thirteen years of age, and now the account was up at more a great deal than three hundred pounds, which may be eaſily conceived, when we, conſider, in addition to her indolence, what whims ſhe had. She had not learned the harpſichord above a year, before ſhe was fatigued to death with ſuch a lumbering thing, and wanted a guittar, which, in its turn grew odious; and a harp was thought extremely pretty, which accordingly was bought her.

Such expences, and too many like them, were the conſequences of her inconſiſtence. A brief ſummary of thoſe her indolence occaſioned, will ſuffice, that the narration may not be protracted. Here, then, is the catalogue.

A multitude of playthings; and looſe articles of dreſs, as handkerchiefs, &c. loſt or pulled to pieces. A vaſt quantity of pens and pencil

pencils waſted; fans deſtroyed; her watch continually at the mender's; many petticoats and ſhoes, and ſometimes ſtockings ſcorched by thruſting, as ſhe uſed to do, her feet within the fender. Such, and other matters likewiſe, were the waſte occaſioned by her indolence; to which, if we annex the leſſons ſhe was always paying for, but not receiving, and thoſe leſſons were no few, conſidering ſhe had maſters to inſtruct her in Italian, Geography, and French, in reading, writing, and accompts, in dancing, drawing, and in muſic; and the books in this laſt ſcience that were always coming in, and which, it need be hardly mentioned, are extremely dear, it will not be incredible, that in the ſpace of five years time, the little girl had thrown away three hundred pounds and upward.

Three more years elapſed; and now the account was doubled; for, as Doris grew in height, her indolence and inconſiſtence likewiſe grew upon her. This might have been borne with, had ſhe made ſome progreſs in her education: but, alas! ſhe was profoundly ignorant. She could not even write a letter, or a note to any one, excepting when ſhe wiſhed to have her hair dreſſed. Judge, then, how unſkilled ſhe muſt have been in every higher branch of education.

Much about this time, a youth of birth and merit, aged twenty-three, whoſe name ſhall be Horatio, viſited, with other company, at Doris'

mother's. Doris had even waſhed her hands that day; nor was her hair, as uſual, then about her ears. Horatio took ſome notice of her, and contrived to get invited, ſo that he might be acquainted with her; but the end was, that Horatio, after ſome few viſits, never came again; as he had, in the interim, made inquiry of the maſters Doris had to do with, and received no great account from them of her demeanour. This, her mother came to know, and very much regretted ſhe had loſt all hopes of marrying Doris to a gentleman, whoſe merit made him preferable as a ſon-in-law, to any man ſhe knew.

She was not wanting in remonſtrances to Doris, who was now of ſuch an age as to receive them; nor was Doris, upon theſe occaſions, ſo inſenſible as to imagine her behaviour faultleſs; but accuſtomed as ſhe was, at all times, not to think, that is, reflect, ſhe did not ſee the whole amount of that ingratitude ſhe ſhowed a tender mother. She would only ſay at times: tis true, I have ſpent much that, on the other hand, might have been ſaved; but, then, the fortune of my parents is ſo great, that ſuch a loſs has not, in any manner, hurt them. Then, too, I am young, and as they tell me, pretty. What occaſion have I to get learning? Juſt as if ſhe had expreſſed herſelf as follows. *What occaſion have I to be grateful to a mother? What occaſion have I to think ſeriouſly how I may make her happy?* Such will always

always be the reaſonings of a daughter that has no reflection.

She had now, at laſt, attained her eighteenth year; a happy period, in her thought, as ſhe was then to bid adieu to every maſter. On the morning of that very day, the mother entered her apartment, with a volume, which ſhe laid upon the table, opened it, and ſitting down by Doris, ſaid as follows: You are eighteen years of age, this morning; and young people, generally ſpeaking, have compleated, at that time, their education. Here is the account I have ſo often mentioned, which will prove what I have done for your advantage; and ſhow, likewiſe, how much money you have flung away. Four thouſand pounds, and upwards. Doris could not eaſily ſuppoſe the ſtatement juſt; on which her mother went through every item, and continued ſpeaking in the following manner: One ſhould really be mortified at the idea of ſo vaſt a ſum of money gone, when one reflects it might have been employed to worthy purpoſes. Four thouſand pounds, my dear, would have made twenty miſerable parents, with their children, happy,

This idea melted Doris into tears. She graſped her mother by the hand, and waking all at once to the enormity of her offence, cried out as follows: Oh, how guilty I have been! But, dear mama, though I have hitherto neglected every thing, I may compenſate for the paſt, by future application. Doubtleſs may you, ſaid

the mother, but your diligence and perſeverance muſt be very reſolute indeed. I know that thoſe exceſſive compliments which frequently are laviſhed on your perſon, and the notions you indulge in of your fortune, have inclined you to ſuppoſe you need an education leſs than others: but, becauſe you are poſſeſſed of ſuch advantages as are of all the moſt uncertain, and leaſt valuable, will you upon that account ſcorn thoſe which are alone entitled to true praiſe? Will beauty make you lovely; Separated from the graces, it will not ſo much as pleaſe. Will riches make you happy? Are you not uneaſy always in yourſelf, and conſtantly diſſatisfied with others? And, beſides, how know you what may be your father's ſituation? and, if poſſibly he is not now while we are ſpeaking, ruined?—This laſt word awakened Doris's attention; and, in ſome ſort frightened at the thought, ſhe gazed upon her mother, who got up and left the room.

The fright of Doris was but too well founded. In a week or ſo ſucceeding this affecting explanation of affairs, her father broke; and though his wife did not for certain know the ſtate of things, which he concealed, ſhe had her fears. He had not been contented with a fortune of eight thouſand pounds a year, but, by engaging in extremely hazardous deſigns, brought bankruptcy upon him. He was not a man of ſuch a ſpirit as to bear misfortunes, but was taken ill; nor could the attention of his

his wife and daughter ſave him from the tomb. He died with imprecations in his mouth againſt ambition and rapacity, that had occaſioned firſt his ruin, and ſoon afterwards his death. His wife took on her if ſhe could, to pay his debts, and having an eſtate amounting to eight hundred pounds a year, on which his creditors pretended to no claim, ſhe placed it in their hands, till ſuch time as their claims were ſatisfied: till when, ſhe choſe a private ſituation in the principality of Wales, where every neceſſary article of life is cheap; ſubſiſting on the produce of ſuch plate and jewels as ſhe had belonging to herſelf.

On this occaſion, Doris was not wanting in the matter of affording her afflicted mother all the conſolation a repentant daughter is ſo capable of giving. She would frequently lament the conſequences of her indolence, that had conſumed ſo vaſt a ſum of money, which would now have been ſo uſeful; and her mother would as frequently embrace her, ſaying, ſuch behaviour on her part afforded all the joy a mother could deſire. Upon the evening of a day when Doris had been thus lamenting her paſt fault, and vowing for the time to come a thorough reformation, ſhe complained of ſomething like a head ach. On the morrow, ſhe was burning with a fever; the phyſician, who on this was ſent for, having felt her pulſe, and aſked the neceſſary queſtions, told the mother ſhe had all the ſymptons that precede a certain

national diſtemper, and was not deceived. In two days time it ſhewed itſelf. The ſort was very bad; and what phyſicians call the confluent kind. It threatened, in reality, ſuch conſequences, that the mother was reduced to ſomething like a ſituation of deſpair.

She did not quit her daughter's bed, but paſſed away four days in this afflicting ſtate of mind, while Doris in the height of her delirium was attended by her mother, without knowing her, as every moment ſhe would mournfully cry out: *My mother has forſaken me. I have deſerved ſhe ſhould. I never wiſhed to make her happy. I ſhall die without her bleſſing; and without her prayers.—Oh, God forgive my diſobedience to the beſt of mothers and of friends.*

Theſe words affected her unhappy mother in a very ſenſible degree. In vain, ſhe ſaid, my dear, dear Doris, I am with you at this moment. Doris did not hear her; and would always recommence her ſorrowful complainings. The diſorder making, all this while, a rapid progreſs, ſhowed itſelf particularly on the face of Doris, and ſoon took away her ſight. This circumſtance, in no degree uncommon to ſuch patients ſituated as the ſuffering Doris was, did not at firſt alarm her mother; but at laſt, it grew to ſuch a dangerous height, that the phyſician could not poſſibly diſſemble matters; but confeſſed his apprehenſions to the mother, that her daughter would be blind for ever. Hea-

vens!

vens! cried the unhappy mother, will my child be ſo unhappy as that comes to? — The diſorder, anſwered her phyſician, does not yet appear to me, however, without hope; and I am going to propoſe a remedy that has ſucceeded in a caſe quite ſimilar to this: be, therefore, patient, my good lady, while I tell you what it is. The patient is in ſuch a ſtate, that what we want is to afford a paſſage to the humours, that at preſent mount up to her eyes.—With money, there is no aſſiſtance but may be obtained; and more particularly here in London.—It would not be difficult to find ſome wretched individual, who, excited by the hope of a reward, would bring herſelf to do the patient that diſguſting ſervice, which alone will ſave her ſight. It were, however, to be wiſhed, ſuch wretched individual were herſelf quite ſound, in point of conſtitution *. What diſguſting ſervice, interrupted the afflicted mother, do you mean?

It will be neceſſary, anſwered the phyſician, that we find ſome healthy perſon, who will gently ſuck away the virulence that now is mounting to your daughter's eyes. Oh, pro-

* If the inſtance of maternal love which follows, were the creature of imagination, it would have no weight. That author is without excuſe, who, in a work of pure invention, has recourſe to matters that diſguſt the ſenſes, through their abſolute impoſſibility; but his narration intereſts when ſuch as read him, cannot entertain a doubt of his veracity. What follows, therefore, is a real fact, and now on record.

vidence!

vidence! I thank you, on my knees, ſaid Doris's mother, claſping eagerly her hands, and falling on the ground. I thank you that myſelf have that ſound conſtitution requiſite on this occaſion. Tis this moment, for the firſt time in my life, I am convinced of the ineſtimable value ſuch a bleſſing carries with it. Come, ſir, turning to the doctor, ſaid this tender mother, let me now not loſe a moment, ſeeing every one is of ſuch value; let me go into my child's apartment. What, replied the doctor, can you bring yourſelf to undertake this operation, madam, when ſo many may be found who will, for money, take it on them? Would you have me, then, returned the lady to theſe words, impoſe upon the wretchedneſs of ſome unhappy woman, by inducing her to overcome an almoſt inſupportable antipathy; but, one that I can with ſuch eaſe get over? Being called upon to ſhow myſelf a mother, ſhall I put aſide all notions of humanity: and, having thus the opportunity of doing an important ſervice to my child, ſhall I excuſe myſelf from ſuch a ſacred duty? But, have you ſufficient courage? interrupted the phyſician. Do you doubt my courage, ſaid the lady, when you know I am a mother, and my daughter is in danger? Having ſaid thus much, without attending any farther to the doctor, ſhe went forward to her child's apartment; and he followed.

Doris had, ſince the preceding night, recovered happily her underſtanding; upon which, her

her mother ſet about perſuading her to undergo the remedy preſcribed her; but was ſo much on her guard as not to mention it was ſhe herſelf, that undertook the operation. I have found, ſaid ſhe, a woman who conſents to do you this eſſential ſervice; and her recompence will be ſo great, that you need ſcarcely pity her. If you ſhould do ſo, think a moment of your mother, and the anguiſh that diſtracts her ſoul. In ſhort, this proof of your ſubmiſſion is a duty I inſiſt on. Doris heard her mother, and conſented. She had not, indeed, ſufficient ſpirits to expreſs the pity ſhe gave way to, for the perſon whoſe diſtreſſed condition could induce her for the ſake of money, to engage in ſuch a buſineſs.

Matters being carried on thus far, a woman was brought in, who, drawing near the bed, aſſured the patient of her zeal and courage to go through the operation. Come, then, ſaid the mother, and begin. I muſt withdraw; but will return as ſoon as every thing is over. She pretended upon this, to leave the chamber; but inſtead, drew ſoftly near the bed, and then knelt down; the woman ſtanding in her place, that Doris might be ſtill deceived by hearing her from time to time, addreſs her.

She now thought her mother gone, and begged the doctor for a moment would defer the operation; when, addreſſing the ſuppoſed unknown one, ſhe graſped hard her mother's hand, and thus gave way to her commiſeration: O unhappy

unhappy woman, pardon me that I conſpire with fortune, and exact a ſervice of this nature from you. But, alas! your hand is in a tremble, and you preſs both mine in yours! Oh, heavens, do you implore my pity? Is the operation, then, above your ſtrength to undertake it?—Oh, great God, continued Doris, is this real then? She folds me in her arms, and I can hear her ſob!

Your exclamations, interrupted the phyſician, change her zeal into affection, and tis poſſible ſhe may not have the neceſſary ſtrength to go through the important buſineſs; which, by this time, but for your humanity, would have been half done. No, no, replied the unknown voice, my reſolution is not to be ſhaken; and I ſuffer ten times leſs than the unfortunate young lady does. When ſhe had ended, the phyſician ordered ſilence, and the operation inſtantly began, which laſted for the ſpace of nearly half a dozen minutes. When the doctor ſent away the woman, bidding her return at night, which ſhe engaged to do, and was diſmiſſed.

This operation, being frequently repeated, was productive of a ſenſible amendment; and the doctor now declared, another would compleat the buſineſs. During this laſt operation, Doris, thinking ſhe was all along attended by a ſtranger, and as during every former operation, in her hands at preſent, uttered a loud cry of tranſport, ſaying; Heaven! I can diſcern

rern the light. Pronouncing theſe few words, ſhe raiſed her head, to ſee the perſon who was thus reſtoring her to ſight; but, what was not the exceſs of her ſurpriſe and wonder, when inſtead of one ſhe thought ſhe ſhould behold, ſhe ſaw and knew her mother.—Gracious heaven! cried ſhe: and is it you?—My mother! What! Her agitation, at this ſcene, prevented her from ſpeaking; and, by tears alone, could ſhe expreſs her gratitude. The doctor gave her in the interim, to underſtand ſhe was indebted to her mother for whatever ſuccour ſhe had recently received. Oh, mother, upon this ſaid Doris, who was come a little to herſelf, How dear to me is not my life now grown! How ſhould I grieve, were I to loſe it, without any opportunity allowed me by the will of Heaven, to teſtify my gratitude! I will, in future, live to make you only happy. Doris ſpoke with ſo much energy, that the phyſician fearing danger, bade them inſtantly conclude a converſation that might otherwiſe have, probably, increaſed the fever.

From that period, things were mending daily. Doris was, at laſt, recovered, but the doctor told her mother the diſorder would leave frightful marks behind it. In reality, it did ſo; and the firſt time Doris left her bed, ſhe could not but perceive how ſhe was altered. Is this, then, ſaid ſhe, that figure which ſo many praiſed, three weeks ago? What would be now your lot, obſerved her mother, had you perſevered

in

in your preceding error, and continued to ſet any ſtore by that decaying beauty, which a moment thus obliterates, and which muſt otherwiſe have unavoidably been taken from you, after ſome few years?

Inſtructed by misfortune, Doris conquered every faulty habit ſhe had been addicted to; and was no ſooner perfectly reſtored, than with her mother ſhe ſet out for that retreat in Wales this laſt had pitched upon. It was in Swanſea, in the county of Glamorgan, very near the ſea. In going down to this retreat, they had a view of every thing worth ſeeing in the country round about them: but no ſcene could equal that romantic vale, or valley of Glamorgan, which was near their deſtined habitation. At the ſight of ſuch a landſcape, Doris could not keep from mentioning a notion to her mother ſhe had formed, that neither poets, nor yet painters ſhould make lanſcapes, or deſcribe the charms of nature, without ſeeing Wales. I am entirely of your opinion, ſaid her mother. Hampſtead, Highgate, Hampton Court, and Windſor may occaſion very pretty ſonnets; but by no means thoſe ſublime ideas, that produce great works in either of theſe kinds. To this, ſhe added other obſervations, and was pleaſed to find with how much pleaſure Doris gave attention to her. Formerly, inſenſible to all the charms of converſation, her diſtraction and her indolence had always kept her, as tis natural to think, from having any ſhare therein; but her misfortunes

misfortunes had produced a reſolution in her, no leſs wonderful than ſudden; and her very nature was reformed. She could at preſent even reflect, and ſhe experienced an unſpeakable enjoyment in diſcourſing with her mother. Add to this, that wiſhing to indemnify her for the grief her indolence had hitherto occaſioned, ſhe was now determined to ſit down to ſtudy; which ſhe did with ſo much ardour, that at firſt it wearied her; but quickly after, ceaſed to do ſo. Reading, muſic, and deſigning filled up all her leiſure moments. As ſhe gave her mind up to them, ſtudy, far from being irkſome, was delightful to her; and ſo great was her improvement, that ſhe made up, in the end, for all the time ſhe had, before her illneſs, thrown away, as ſomething of no value.

As two people may live well in Wales for eightſcore pounds a year, our ſtranger and her daughter, when once ſettled in their houſe, did not perceive the diminution of their fortune. From their windows, they could ſee the Briſtol channel in the front of their abode, and at the back, a wide extended country, which was to the full as entertaining as the Thames at Hampton Court, and the pavilions. As for Doris in particular, ſhe was no longer pretty; but gave much more pleaſure now, than when her uniform complexion was admired by every one that ſaw her. She had no ways loſt her ſhape; and had acquired therewith that carriage and deportment, void of which, the

female ſhape has no attraction. She was now no longer dreſſed expenſively, but taſtefully. The company that came at times to ſee her mother, did not look upon her with aſtoniſhment; but univerſally, the more they ſaw, the more they praiſed her figure. There was, now, expreſſion in her countenance: in ſhort, ſhe was not now that beauty, which, as ſometimes is the caſe, ſtrikes all beholders; but much better, ſhe poſſeſſed that certain ſomething which attracts them. It was now two years, ſince, with her mother, ſhe had lived at Swanſea; and by this time ſhe was twenty years of age.

One evening during their accuſtomed walk, a young man paſſed them, dreſſed in black; whoſe carriage plainly indicated his uneaſineſs. He looked up at them, as he paſſed; on which, the mother recollected *that* Horatio who had once conceived a thought of Doris. After what muſt be ſuppoſed the cuſtomary compliments on ſuch an unexpected interview, Horatio told her he had ſuffered an afflicting loſs, ſince they were laſt together, in the death of his reſpectable and valued father; adding, that in conſequence thereof, the capital becoming odious to him, he had formed a reſolution to ſet out upon his travels. That he meant to ſtay in Wales about two months, and afterwards ſhould croſs to Ireland, whence he meant to ſail to Italy. While he was ſpeaking thus, the lady ſeeing night come on, was going homeward, whither

young Horatio begged permiſſion to attend her, and had offered her his arm. Horatio at this inſtant recollecting Doris, paid her his reſpects, but could not ſee her face.

The lady quickly was come home. She knocked. Her ſervant opened; and Horatio could not poſſibly ſuppreſs his wonder at appearances; inquiring if the houſe ſhe thus knocked at, was hers, as he remembered what a fortune ſhe was ſaid to have enjoyed in London? To this queſtion, her reply need not be mentioned. They were entered by this time; and in a little parlour elegantly furniſhed, and adorned with pictures. Is not this, inquired the lady, turning to Horatio while ſhe ſpoke, a neat apartment? Every thing you ſee about you, is the work of Doris. All theſe drawings in particular. Horatio hearing this, could not refrain from ſhowing a ſurpriſe, that looked like incredulity; and turning round, gazed ſtedfaſtly at Doris. Tis unneceſſary in this place to mention his ſurpriſe, at ſeeing her ſo changed. He thought he dreamt, when he remembered that this charming figure was that Doris he had wiſhed to marry, till on greater intimacy with her, he diſcovered how exceptionable he had found her.

The remainder of the ſtory is as follows: that Horatio, charmed with Doris, aſked her hand in marriage. You deſerve her, ſaid the lady: you refuſed her in the ſeaſon of her

beauty and good fortune, and admire her now, when ſhe has loſt them. Such a partiality may ſafely be relied on. Yet, that haſty reſolutions may be ſhunned on this occaſion, I entreat you to reflect a little on a buſineſs that will finally decide upon your happineſs, or miſery, as well as Doris's. Allow yourſelf ſix months for theſe reflections; and go ſee the world. When thoſe ſix months are paſſed, if you remain diſpoſed to take her, Doris ſhall be yours, when you return. Horatio, upon this, entreated that his happineſs might not be thus procraſtinated, but the mother was determined, and this put the ſuitor under the neceſſity of ſetting out next day. Incapable of quitting England, where his treaſure was, he wandered near her habitation, and ſo paſſed the period of his exile. When that period was conſumed, he haſted back to Swanſea, and eſpouſed the charming Doris.

THE

THE

SICK CHILD.

SCENE, *a bed room.*

Mr. BELMONT *(ſeated on a bed, and looking at his child.)*

WHAT affliction for a father who has but one child, and ſees him dying! For theſe eight years paſt I have been ſeparated from my wife, and am quite hopeleſs, from the circumſtance of never having had another child! Oh, heavens! I had ſo much of this world's goods about me, and ſuch inclination in my heart to be a faithful huſband, and good father! Was it written in the book of fortune, that my wife ſhould force me, by her vicious courſe of life, to give her up; and that my only child ſhould thus be taken from me! What a burden life is, when the ties that were deſigned to mitigate the ſorrows of it, of themſelves become a ſource of ſorrow! But, how

fares it with my little man? The doctors have all left him. May it not be poſſible, that nature, of whoſe operations, they, alas, know little, and for which they care but little, ſhould aſſiſt him, being now no longer teized with the inceſſant application of vain medicines. *(He draws the curtain back a little.)* Bobby, my dear child, how are you? Do you hear me? *(He feels his hand.)* He has ſtill a burning fever on him.

The CHILD. Yes, papa, I do. I find myſelf ſo ill, that I ſhall die: yes; I am ſure I ſhall, unleſs you grant me ſuch a remedy as no one can but you.

Mr. BELMONT. No one but me! Have I a remedy, dear Bobby, that will ſave you! Oh, my child, explain your meaning, and inform me what that remedy may be. My love will grant you every thing you wiſh for. — Speak, my poor, dear little fellow.

The CHILD. It is now a long, long time, papa, I have concealed a ſorrow from you, which has brought me into this condition, and will be my death, unleſs you hear me, and do what I want.

Mr. BELMONT. Speak, Bobby, — my dear angel ſpeak: you ſhall have any thing you aſk for. — Speak.

The CHILD. I have a mother, and yet never knew her. I was much too young when you were living with each other, to remember what ſort of a face ſhe had. For ſome time paſt,

paſt, for many years, if I am right, you have been always ſaying ſhe was dead. I was betimes inſtructed to conſider lying as a very dreadful thing; and, therefore, I believed you, when you told me ſhe was dead. However, about half a dozen days before I firſt fell ill, young Johnſon told me that his father one day mentioned my mama was living ſtill, but ſeparated from you, for a reaſon which he could not tell me.

Mr. BELMONT. Well, dear Bobby?

The CHILD. Well, papa, the wiſh I have of ſeeing my mama, and knowing her, had ſuch a ſtrange effect upon me, as to make me ill. Sure, there is ſcarce a child ſo young as I am, would I frequently be ſaying to myſelf, but has a mother to careſs and love him. I have ſeen as much at houſes where I go; while I, if Johnſon tells me truly, have a mother, and yet do not even know her. I was told it would be better not to ſay a word to you about it; and, indeed, I promiſed I would not; —which promiſe, added to the fear of angering you, have hitherto reſtrained me: but, as very likely I ſhall die, papa, and as you are ſo good, I ſhould be glad to know my poor, dear mother firſt. If I embrace her, and die after in your arms and hers, I ſhall be, then, content.

Mr. BELMONT. Alas, my poor, dear boy, you touch my heart: why did you not ſay all this much ſooner? Tis, however, better late than never. I will, therefore, ſend, and fetch your

your mother: be of comfort, if you can; in leſs than ſix hours' time, I promiſe you ſhall ſee her. *(He rings; a ſervant enters.)* Let me have the ſtandiſh, and ſome paper.

The SERVANT. Yes, ſir. *(Goes out.)*

Mr. BELMONT. I will write a letter to her, mentioning your wiſh and ſituation; and I make no doubt——

The CHILD. She is not, then, confined. I was informed, (indeed, papa, I was ſo)—you had put mama into a madhouſe.

Mr. BELMONT. Never, my dear child. She is, at preſent, in the country, where ſhe boards. Unfortunately, ſhe had taken to the vice of drinking: ſhe diſgraced me with my friends; and, therefore, I was under the neceſſity of parting with her. But, for putting her into a madhouſe; that was never in my thoughts. She is exceedingly well ſituated; and ſo far from being anyways confined, may come to London when ſhe pleaſes.

The CHILD. And ſhe has not wiſhed to ſee me once? She never loved me, then.

Mr. BELMONT. Yes, yes, dear Bobby; I muſt do her juſtice in that point. She has done every thing ſhe could to ſee you; but I would not gratify her. I had taken care, betimes, to give you a becoming education, and was much afraid her bad example might deſtroy my work.

The CHILD. But, if, in ſeeing her, ſhe ſhould reſtore me to new life, as I expect ſhe will,

will, you muſt, in that caſe, promiſe me, my dear papa, you will forgive her, and henceforward live together like good friends.

Mr. BELMONT. Yes, yes; I promiſe you, dear little man, I will. *(To the ſervant who brings in the ſtandiſh)* Good. Put it down here by me. *(The ſervant leaves the room, and Mr. Belmont inſtantly begins to write his letter.)*

The CHILD. Are you writing, dear papa?

Mr. BELMONT. Yes.—There; I've done. There was not wanting much: and I will read you what is written. *(He reads.)* "Madam, Bobby is, I verily believe it, at death's door; but wiſhes you would come and ſee him. Nothing in the world, he ſays, like that would do him good. So, come, and do not loſe an inſtant."

The CHILD. Oh, how glad I am, papa! Your letter has already made me better.

Mr. BELMONT. I have nothing, now, to write but the direction: *(he writes)* there it is. And now to ſend it. *(He rings again; the ſervant hears him, and enters.)* Let a horſe be ſaddled, and this letter ſent to Barnet, as directed.

The SERVANT. Yes, ſir; it ſhall go immediately. But I had quite forgot to mention that a lady from the country, as ſhe ſays, is now below, and aſks to ſpeak with you.

Mr. BELMONT. A lady, do you ſay? What lady?

The SERVANT. I deſired to know her name,

name, but ſhe would not inform me what it was. However, here ſhe comes herſelf.

Mr. BELMONT. Give me my letter back again. *(The ſervant withdraws.)* A lady! Surely, tis not ſhe.

Mrs. BELMONT *(half opening the door, and ſpeaking low.)* I come in, ſir, without the leaſt degree of ceremony. I was told, this morning, of poor Bobby's diſmal ſituation, and imagined you would pardon me a ſtep that tenderneſs——

Mr. BELMONT *(in a whiſper, likewiſe.)* Ah, madam! He is almoſt at the laſt extremity, and given up by all the doctors.

Mrs. BELMONT. Surely, you dont ſay ſo, ſir?

Mr. BELMONT. Yes, I do: tis poſſible, indeed, that ſeeing you, may be ſome comfort to his heart; and, who can tell, but that he may be much the better for it: ſince, juſt now, he told me how he wiſhed to ſee you; and deſired you might be ſent for. I had written you, accordingly, a letter, begging you would come and ſee him; but the violent deſire he has of ſuch a meeting, ſhould you gratify it too precipitately, may be fatal to him in his preſent ſtate of weakneſs. Therefore, if you love him, madam, and have ſtill the leaſt regard remaining in your heart for me, beware how you preſent yourſelf before him too precipitately. Say, at firſt, you are his mother's friend

Mrs. BELMONT. With all my heart; the caution

caution you have recommended, is a very proper one: and I am too much intereſted in his life and welfare to neglect it. *(She draws nigh the bed and puts aſide the curtains)* Poor, dear child! how weak and low he ſeems!

The CHILD, Ah, madam! I believe I heard you talking to papa, juſt now, and ſaying ſomething of mama. Are you acquainted with her.

Mrs. BELMONT. Yes, my little man, I am ſo. She is almoſt the beſt friend I have; and is afflicted at the news ſhe had this morning of your ſituation.

The CHILD. Why, then, did ſhe not come with you? Oh, the reaſon is, ſhe durſt not ſhew herſelf.—I know.—I know that very well: but my papa has been juſt writing her a letter, begging ſhe would come and ſee me. Ah, dear madam! ſince you ſay ſhe is your friend, I have a favour to requeſt, in caſe I ſhould expire before ſhe can get hither: let her know I died for ſorrow, that I could not ſee her the firſt moment after they had told me ſhe was living.

Mrs. BELMONT *(weeping.)* My poor child, I can aſſure you juſt as if I were your mother, that ſhe loves you greatly, and in leſs than twenty minutes will be here, that ſhe may tell you ſo herſelf. Revive your ſpirits, therefore, with this hope, which you may perfectly rely on; no leſs ſo than if your mother had not,

during

during your whole life, loſt ſight a moment of you.

The CHILD. You are weeping while you tell me this. If you that are the friend of my mama, and nothing farther, cannot keep from ſhedding tears in ſuch abundance, what will ſhe do? Muſt ſhe only come and ſee me die? —But, when the meſſenger arrives, ſhould ſhe not be at home.—Oh, heavens!

Mrs. BELMONT *(weeping ſtill, and claſping him.)* Yes, yes, my deareſt child; the meſſenger has been already with her, and by great good fortune, ſhe was then at home. Yes, *then*, my dear, as ſhe is *now*, ſince ſhe is here and talking to you.

The CHILD. What, are you, then, my mama? Are you, indeed, ſo?—Kiſs us both, papa.—Ah, I dont know what I am doing now for joy.—And I can feel within me I am growing better, to enjoy the pleaſure.—You are my mama, then! *(He takes hold of her)* I take hold of you.—Ah, dear mama! how happy I ſhall now be, if I do but live to love you! —I *ſhall* live! I am already much, much better. — I have then, like other children, a mama?

Mrs. BELMONT. Yes, yes, you have; but one that loved you, without knowing how much love you had for her. Judge now, then, ſince ſhe knows you have a feeling boſom with reſpect to her, how dear ſhe will conſider you in future.

The

The CHILD. Ah, my dear mama, you bring me back to life; but do not leave me; do not leave papa; unleſs you wiſh to kill me once again with ſorrow.

Mr. BELMONT. Madam, this inducement to be reunited, and live henceforth as good friends, is in itſelf ſo cogent, that we muſt forget the cauſes that firſt ſeparated us. Let, then, the preſervation of our dear child's life, encourage us to look on every thing that hitherto has paſſed between us, juſt as if it never had exiſted.

Mrs. BELMONT. Ah, dear ſir, what pleaſure does not your ſpontaneous offer give me! I have often uſed you very ill, and hurt your generous nature by my perſeverance in a vice, that ſinks us into brutes! I own thus much, that I may give you room to hope I never will offend you more. I am incapable of ſuch a conduct now; for, through the intereſting ſituation of our Bobby, nature has illuminated my whole ſoul, and I am now convinced, that all the pleaſures of this world are not equivalent to the diſcharge of one maternal duty. No, my dear, dear child, it is to you, I will in future owe my happineſs. What pleaſure do you not occaſion me, if now beholding you, in ſome ſort, for the firſt time in my life, I give you breath a ſecond time. I had ſo little of the mother, I muſt ſay, about me, that for five long years and

upwards, I could give you up; but, you, in ſpite of my neglect, wiſhed ardently to ſee your mother. By your infant conduct you have ſhown me, nature muſt at laſt prevail.

THE

THE

VICIOUS INVALID.

A

DRAMA,

IN

THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

HIRCUS, *an old debauchee.*

AGATHON, *his brother.*

ANGELICA, *their niece.*

GERTRUDE, *an old ſervant.*

CANDID, *lover of Angelica.*

THE

VICIOUS INVALID.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an apartment in the houſe of Hircus, with a door that opens to his bed room.*

AGATHON, *and* ANGELICA.

ANGELICA.

NO, uncle; I can bear no longer his behaviour. You muſt, abſolutely, take me hence this very day, and place me in ſome other family; or, if you think it better, ſend me back to ſchool. I care not where I go, if I may leave a houſe in which, not only I can never have a moment's happineſs, but am uneaſy all day long.

AGATHON. Come, dear Angelica, a little patience; for, my brother, who, I need not tell you, is your uncle juſt as well as I am, and your guardian, likewiſe, being ſo much older than myſelf, has had you to his houſe from ſchool, where you complained, if you remember, of the treatment ſhown you, for no other end than to eſtabliſh you in marriage. Upon which account,—

ANGELICA. Eſtabliſh me in marriage! It might ſeem, upon the other hand, he had no other view in ſending for me hither, than to kill me with unkindneſs. Did you only know, dear uncle, how intolerably croſs and quarrelſome he has, on all occaſions, ſhown himſelf, for theſe ſix months and upwards, that his illneſs now has laſted!

AGATHON. Dear Angelica, you muſt forgive a little, in conſideration of the pains, infirmities, and weakneſſes of age. His gout, beſides, has for this long time paſt, ſo grievouſly tormented him, that tis not wonderful he ſhould, at intervals, be out of temper, and have loſt all patience.

ANGELICA. You conſider him with too much brotherly affection; for, ſince firſt he left off drinking wine, to take the waters recommended him by Mr. Bolus, I am ſure he ſuffers leſs, but has not, upon that account, relaxed in point of violence. Upon the other hand, he has more time and ſtrength of lungs to plague us. He will be much ſooner cured

of

of all his aches and illneſſes, than we ſhall find his temper altered for the better.

AGATHON. Hear me, niece. You know, that in two years, or leſs, if I remember rightly, you will be of age; and not that only, but that batchelors, as both my brother and myſelf are, you will be our heireſs. Your poor father did not leave you any great affair, and I have leſs than he to give you: but, my brother is immenſely rich. I know he is, though he affects to hide it: but, whoever thinks what means he has purſued in the improvement of his money, cannot be deceived by his pretending poverty. Stay with him thoſe two years that are to paſs before you come of age. He is infirm. If, in that interval of time, God ſhould diſpoſe of his exiſtence, you would be upon the ſpot, your preſence would ſpeak for you greatly, notwithſtanding every thing he ſays; for, death reforms our notions wonderfully; and there would not, in that caſe, be half the cauſe to fear he ſhould diſpoſe of what he has, in favour of another. Now-a-days, there are ſo many on the watch to ſnap up what old batchelors muſt leave behind them!—But, at preſent, that I recollect the matter, let me aſk, if he ſtill goes to that Miſs Milward.

ANGELICA. Yes; no earlier than laſt night he dragged himſelf upon a viſit to her: but, thank heaven! ſhe comes no longer here. I fancy they have quarrelled with each other.

AGATHON. For your ſake, I wiſh it were but

but true, ſince the acquaintance he has entered into with that creature, is what cauſes me the moſt uneaſineſs, in all his conduct. That inſinuating woman, ſhould ſhe once get any footing here, would have it in her power to hurt you much. Redouble, therefore, your attention to preſerve your uncle's good opinion. Your well-being is dependant on your conduct in this article, my child.

ANGELICA. Dear uncle, your advice may be extremely proper for the generality of diſpoſitions in the world: but, I can never do, from intereſted motives, what affection will not prompt me to, in this reſpect. My uncle Hircus loves no individual but himſelf; and all my ſtudy will not influence him in my favour, more than if I were a hundred miles, or upward, diſtant.—No, you may be ſure of that?

AGATHON. Well, well, we have, however, one reſource; and, very poſſibly, I may come round him ſo, that he will be induced to let you marry Mr. Candid. Mr. Candid is a gentleman of worth, that I have intimately been acquainted with ſince firſt he came into the world: he has an eaſy fortune, and poſſeſſes every quality to make a woman happy.

ANGELICA. So I think, dear uncle, juſt as you do: and provided I may be permitted to diſcloſe my thoughts on the occaſion, I acknowledge I deſire the match: but, how do you deſign to bring my uncle Hircus over to allow of ſuch a marriage, when you know, yourſelf,

yourſelf, he would not liſten in the leaſt to your propoſal for it, or agree to be acquainted any how with Mr. Candid, or even ſee him? No, no, uncle; he dont wiſh to have me married: but intends I ſhould be locked up here, to wait upon him; ſo that he may quarrel with me at his leiſure. As the frog ſaid in the fable: this is ſport to him, but it is death to me.

AGATHON. Once more, dear niece, a little patience: the device which Mr. Candid has employed that he may have the opportunity of ſeeing you, goes on extremely well: diſguiſed like a phyſician, and aſſuming to himſelf the name of Bolus, you need not be told he has bewitched your uncle's mind: he has been fortunate enough to mitigate his gout, by making him drink every day, a gallon of pure water, which he recommends as what he has prepared himſelf, and a diſcovery of the greateſt conſequence in medicine.

ANGELICA. But, to what will all this lead?

AGATHON. To what? To get you Mr. Candid for a huſband, and with Hircus's conſent. He has the rage of marrying you to a phyſician: he deſigned you that old doctor he has happily ſent packing; he may, therefore, very likely form a reſolution of beſtowing Candid on you, whom he fancies a phyſician, and with whoſe abilities he is ſo vaſtly pleaſed.

ANGELICA.

ANGELICA. Tis true that——but, on ſecond thoughts, not likely; for, if once my uncle ſhould perceive this marriage pleaſes me,—that circumſtance alone will be ſufficient to determine him not to conſent thereto.

AGATHON. And, therefore, his conſent is what we muſt obtain by ſome device or other: there can be no other way. Let Mr. Candid manage the whole matter: he is maſter of a ready wit; love animates him; and the friendſhip I profeſs in his behalf, together with the love he has for you, will aid his ſcheme. Let us alone. I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that ere long, and very poſſibly before the day be over,—yes, before the day be over,—we ſhall ſettle this ſame marriage, notwithſtanding any thing your uncle may attempt to counteract it.—Counteract it? I am really in hope, as I have ſaid already, we ſhall get his full conſent.

ANGELICA. Well, be it ſo, dear uncle. I, for my part, will have patience: but, remember, I have no one expectation of ſucceſs. My uncle Hircus is ſo cunning, no one will, without much difficulty, take him in: and not that only, but ſo ill-conditioned likewiſe, that it grieves his nature to ſee any perſon happy. Judge, then, if tis likely ſuch a one will be at the expence of taking any ſtep to make me ſo?

AGATHON. You are a ſimpleton, and have no knowledge of the world, or what is daily going forward in it. Others, much more cunning than your uncle, have been caught; and, there

there are none ſo ill-conditioned, but that ſometimes they do good to other folks againſt their will. Beſides, your uncle loves himſelf, and our pretended doctor has got down his gout a little. For this purpoſe, he has made his patient drink clear water only, having dignified it with a pompous name. Your uncle finds himſelf much better, and attributes his recovery to the water, which, indeed, has done it, being ſuch a ſalutary ſubſtitute for thoſe inflaming liquors he was uſed to ſwallow ſo inceſſantly. His gratitude will, therefore, put him on rewarding Dr. Bolus, as he calls himſelf, and you may eaſily be made the object, with a little management on Candid's part. Once more, let him alone. We have, in ſome degree, arranged the plan together, and the part you have to act is very trifling; nothing more than this, Angelica. You know my brother is inceſſantly complaining to the Doctor of your conduct; we muſt manage matters ſo as to be preſent when he makes his viſit; and, in half an hour, or leſs, he will be here. Your uncle will complain, as uſual, or provided he ſhould not bethink himſelf of doing ſo, you muſt remind him, and when once you think he has complained ſufficiently of your behaviour, tell him tis impoſſible you ſhould be ſilent, while he keeps in the intention of compelling you to marry a phyſician. That will be the Doctor's cue; and he will do the reſt. You muſt not ſeem, however, on your part, deſi-

rous

rous of a huſband, and much leſs, of Mr. Candid; but, behave to him with great indifference; any how, indeed, except with diſreſpect: that would create ſuſpicion. This was what your lover bade me tell you.

ANGELICA. Well, dear uncle, I will follow your advice; but, after all, I fear my patience, and this ſcheme of Candid's, will be fruitleſs.

AGATHON. And, for my part, I have reaſon to believe we ſhall ſucceed.

HIRCUS *(entering, in a night gown, and ſupported on the left by* Gertrude, *with a crutch in the other hand.)* Hey! Softly! Softly! you old beaſt! what do you mean, by dragging me at ſuch a rate?

GERTRUDE. Lard, ſir, I drag you? when you lean upon my ſhoulder.

HIRCUS. Aye; no doubt but you are in the right: for you are always ſo; *(he ſits)*— What, you here, brother? *(To Agathon.)*

AGATHON. Yes; and how are you today?

HIRCUS. Oh, charmingly; you need not think of dancing at my grave this bout. I ſhall not die, I hope, and let you have the fingering of my money yet: ſo ſet your heart at reſt.

AGATHON. Why do you ſpeak thus to me? Can you think I am ſo ſordid as to wiſh your death, or entertain a thought of fingering, as you ſay, the money you may have to leave?

HIRCUS.

HIRCUS. Yes, do I. Intereſt is every thing with men: tis like a weed that needs no ſetting. It grows faſt enough without. So, you have been converſing with Angelica: have you had time ſufficient to ſay all the harm you could imagine of me?

AGATHON. All the harm! Do you ſuppoſe, then, you deſerve we ſhould?

HIRCUS. Oh, no; but, when a brother and a prating niece get both together, they are ſure to make enough, if they dont find it ready to their hands. *(To Gertrude)* Well, Malthorſe! Why not take your ugly face away, or will you make the bed at midnight?

GERTRUDE. Philip is not yet returned from the apothecary's.

HIRCUS. Well then, Carrion, you may make it by yourſelf. You want a ſervant at your heels to wait upon you, I ſuppoſe?

GERTRUDE. Who, I? Oh no, ſir. I am glad I have to make it. *(Going.)*

HIRCUS. Was there ever ſuch a creature! She minds nothing in the world but ſtuffing.—Stay a little, beaſt. *(Gertrude comes back)* Before you go, give me a tumbler of the Doctor's water.

GERTRUDE. Could I be a witch to know you wanted any, when but yeſterday you bade me never help you of my own accord?

HIRCUS. To know! To know!—For your part, you know nothing.

ANGELICA. Go and mind your buſineſs, Ger-

trude. I will help my uncle to it. *(She takes the bottle out of Gertrude's hand.*

GERTRUDE, Do, and thank you, miſs, into the bargain. *(She goes out.)*

HIRCUS *(To Angelica, who pouring out the waters ſpills a little.)* Well, as uſual, Jezebel, in every thing alike! Spill half.

ANGELICA. Tis no great loſs, however; and the Doctor will not charge you much for ſuch a medicine.

HIRCUS. Will not charge me much! I fancy you would pay him no great deal for curing the old ſcoundrel of an uncle: but I will, and he has done the buſineſs half already. Yes, yes, brother, it is really aſtoniſhing how much this water of the Doctor's has allayed my pain; and I would give him half my fortune to find out of what it is compoſed. I cannot, for my life, give any gueſs about the matter; for, the water taſtes, methinks, like other water; but, perhaps, I ſhall find means to get the ſecret from him, one day or another.

AGATHON. Never mind the ſecret, brother: has not Dr. Bolus promiſed he will never let you want for any quantity you would be glad to have. You need not fear on that head.

HIRCUS. No, no, that I know as well as you do, brother: he muſt do ſo; has he not, pray, undertaken to recover me entirely? Let him keep his word, or elſe look to it. I would make a pretty penny of him, if he left me, as

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they ſay, half way. I would purſue him, for a rogue and vagabond at law; and get large damages. I have his promiſe of a cure: let him beware of diſappointing me.

AGATHON. Well, be it as you ſay; but, take my counſel; and to make his remedy more efficacious, be not on the fret ſo much; but have more patience. You will be the better for it: and ſo, too, will thoſe about you.

HIRCUS. Keep your counſel to yourſelf, whenever you may happen to be ill: ſince I, for my part, tell you plainly I have no occaſion for it.

AGATHON. What I mention, brother, is entirely for your good.

HIRCUS. My good! my good——is doing what I pleaſe: ſo, dont come prowling here; for, be aſſured, if ever you are ill, I ſhall not think of paying you a viſit, or even ſending to know how you are: ſo, once more, dont come here, and be a ſpy upon my conduct.

AGATHON. For your eaſe, I will comply with your requeſt as far as you alone are intereſted: but, you know, my dear, good brother, I am uncle, juſt as well as you, to poor Angelica; and have ſome right, as ſuch, to beg you will not make her life ſo miſerable.

HIRCUS. What, then, ſhe has been complaining to you; has ſhe, that I treat her ill? It is; tis all her fault, or yours, my dear, good brother, and not mine.

ANGELICA. Mine, uncle?

AGATHON. Mine? And how, pray?

HIRCUS. How? Why, Miſs Angelica is always in the pouts; and, more particularly ſhe has been ſo, ſince you mentioned matrimony to the minx. She muſt not now hear any think to vex her ladyſhip, on pain of her diſpleaſure. She would not conſent to marry my laſt Doctor: he took umbrage at it, and was ſo offended that he would not cure me. I was, therefore, fain to ſend him packing. *(Pretending to be in pain)* Oh, my gout! my gout!

AGATHON *(aſide.)* He touches on the proper ſtring, himſelf. I ſhould rejoice, if Candid were but here at preſent.

HIRCUS. But,—a little patience: ſhe would not have Doctor Gruel. I wont hear a ſyllable about your Candids, and can hardly find a huſband every day to give her. Let her wait, then: ſhe will be the more experienced. Marry, ſhe is treated very cruelly! She wants for nothing. She ſhall, therefore, if ſhe pleaſes, tarry where ſhe is, till ſhe is come of age, when ſhe may be as fooliſh as ſhe chuſes. but, till then I am her guardian.

AGATHON. This is very proper, brother; but for heaven's ſake, give her your ideas in a milder manner.

HIRCUS. Oh, your humble ſervant, Mr. *Milder manner*! We have all our way of talking; mine is to give things their name, and ſpeak to people ſo that they may underſtand me;

me; as you know I am no mealy mouthed one.

ANGELICA *(to Agathon.)* Well, dear uncle, was it not quite natural for me, to wiſh myſelf at ſchool?

HIRCUS. At ſchool! A pretty place, indeed, for little miſſy! But, be ſatisfied; you want a huſband: you ſhall have one; ſo, till then have patience.

AGATHON. But, dear brother, in the choice of ſuch a huſband for her, why are you ſo bigotted to the idea of procuring her a doctor? You are well acquainted with the great averſion ſhe conceives to men of that profeſſion.

HIRCUS. Yes; but then, too, I am well acquainted with another circumſtance, good brother Agathon of mine: that is, the ridicule of ſuch averſion. A phyſician is reſpectable and uſeful; and it coſts him very little to be well eſtabliſhed in his buſineſs, when he gets a deal of money. In a word, tis for her good I chuſe her a phyſician: and that good I will conſult, however ſhe may thwart me.

AGATHON. Rather ſay you will conſult your own, ſince you would have a doctor in your family, that his advice may coſt you nothing; and that ſuch a ſordid motive ſways you even to the ſacrifice of your own brother's child, who cannot quit his grave, or he would viſit you at midnight, and reprove ſuch want of feeling.

HIRCUS. Well, go on; or have you quite exhauſted your large ſtock of ſpite and folly?

ANGELICA. Uncle, I am not to learn how much reſpect I owe you, or what right you have to rule me as my guardian; but, however that be, I may ſurely hope you will not marry me to a phyſician, if I cannot love him.

HIRCUS. You may ſurely, hope, Miſs Impudence! Yes, yes, with all my heart: hope what you like: but, unhope afterwards. But, was there ever ſuch a baggage! How ſhe talks, as if ſhe did not fear to put me out of temper, but would tumble me head-over-heels into my grave, at once! The abominable little Huſſey! This is every day her trade! I cant hold out againſt all theſe vexations.

AGATHON *(Aſide to Angelica.)* Fortunately here comes Dr. Bolus, as we wiſhed: now mind your hits, girl.

CANDID *(entering, dreſſed like a phyſician.)* How is this? What ails you, my good ſir? you ſeem quite agitated? Is this what you promiſed me, as you remember, yeſterday?

HIRCUS. Ah, doctor, pardon me: but, tis not any fault of mine. They thwart me, though they ſee I am ſo ſick and weak; and all my patience is exhauſted.

CANDID. I am ſorry for it, ſir: but, if your patience is exhauſted, I repeat what I have mentioned more than once already, that my remedies will fail of their effect, and you will find it ſo.

HIRCUS.

HIRCUS. You hear that, do you not, Miſs Jeſabel; and ſee to what unhappy conſequences your behaviour will expoſe me? Have not I, then, every reaſon in the world to ſay you wiſh to tumble me head-over-heels into my grave?

AGATHON. No, brother. She has no ſuch wiſh: but, your unhappy temper, and the rage you put yourſelf into, without one reaſon, might occaſion her to do ſo, if ſhe had not ſuch affection for you.

HIRCUS. Yes, ſo I ſay: ſuch affection! She is in the right, as uſual: we ſhall have that proved.

CANDID. Your patience for a moment, ſir. 'Tis you, young lady, then, that vex your uncle at this rate? In truth, I muſt inform you plainly, that as far as I can judge on the occaſion, you do wrong. You ought to look upon your uncle as a father: not to do ſo, is a want of filial duty always: and particularly in his preſent ſituation, tis a want of common pity.

AGATHON *(aſide to Angelica.)* Now for your reply.

ANGELICA. But, ſir, why does my uncle vex me, likewiſe? and, why fall into a paſſion with me, for no other reaſon, than becauſe I told him I would never marry a phyſician if I could not love him? for my other uncle here can witneſs for me I ſaid nothing elſe.

AGATHON. Tis true, this is the only fault ſhe has committed.

HIRCUS.

HIRCUS. Well; and is not that enough; To anſwer me ſo impudently! to withſtand me in a matter the moſt ſerious for herſelf that can be agitated; and to thwart my will when I am in the right!

CANDID. Indeed, indeed young lady, you are in the wrong; and I am forced to tell you ſo. You have, it ſeems, a mortal hatred to phyſicians. And what harm may they have done you, to deſerve ſo rooted an averſion? There may, doubtleſs, be ſome one of that profeſſion, who has all the merit you would wiſh to find in him that is to be your huſband.

ANGELICA. Very likely, ſir. I honour the profeſſion: but repeat what I have ſaid already, that I will not marry a phyſician if I cannot love him.

HIRCUS. There! You are, yourſelf, a witneſs to her impudence. Can any niece addreſs her uncle as ſhe does, with ſuch effrontery? *(To Angelica)* Go up into your room, and dont provoke me farther.

ANGELICA. I obey, ſince tis your order. *(She goes out.)*

HIRCUS. And you, brother, that encourage her, you would do better if you rather gave an eye to what is done at home, than thus come here to hearten up Angelica in her rebellion.

AGATHON. She is my relation, brother, you muſt know, as well as yours: and you muſt let

let me have, at leaſt, the right of telling you the impropriety of your behaviour to her.

CANDID *(to Agathon.)* Tis your niece, perhaps that does not ſhow herſelf ſufficiently ſubmiſſive to her guardian's will: and, in reality, from what I have juſt heard, I am inclined to think ſo.

AGATHON. Oh, ſir, you are a phyſician. She has told you ſhe has no great liking to phyſicians: you have, therefore, no inducement to eſteem her.—Poor, dear child! I ſee you have a great deal yet to undergo; but, Dr. Bolus, if you have but natural humanity, you will much rather take her part againſt my brother, than condemn her.

CANDID, I, ſir? All I ſhall preſume to do will only be upon the ſide of juſtice.

AGATHON. That is all I wiſh for: ſo, adieu.

HIRCUS. Oh, joy go with you! aye, and ſomething elſe I know of. *(After Agathon is gone out)* What a beaſt! But, hark; does he go up, or down? I could lay any wager he is going to Angelica; and they will lay their heads together, ſo that they may do me miſchief of ſome ſort or other. A good notion! I will hobble to the landing place, and liſten. Let me have your hand, my dear, good doctor.

CANDID. What a man you are! Stay here.

HIRCUS. No, no. I have a reaſon, which I mean to tell you preſently. Oblige me for this once.

CANDID.

CANDID. If it muſt be ſo, I have no objection to indulge you. *(He goes out leaning upon Candid.)*

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

HIRCUS *(leaning upon Candid, and returning from the landing place.*

CANDID.

I SUPPOSED you would be diſappointed: he is really gone out. Your niece and he, tis plain, are in a plot with one another to diſtreſs and vex you; but, their conduct dwells too much upon your ſpirits; and you let it hurt you, which is what I would not have you do. However, tis but drinking half a dozen bottles more of my decoction, daily, till ſuch time as you have brought them to ſome kind of order.

HIRCUS. Oh, ſir, I will do ſo, very readily, much rather than loſe any of the benefit reſulting from your remedies, which are to me a treaſure.

CANDID. Truly, I would have you think ſo.

HIRCUS. Yes, dear Doctor; but, you muſt not be contented with adviſing me to ſuch a plan: you muſt aſſiſt me, likewiſe.

CANDID.

CANDID. I aſſiſt you? And, how, pray?

HIRCUS By aiding in a ſcheme, I have been ruminating on this fortnight.

CANDID. Let me know what I can do to ſerve you: if I can but with propriety aſſiſt you, be aſſured I will: your health depends upon your ſtate of mind, and for the benefit of both, I promiſe I will do whatever I am able.

HIRCUS. Happily for me, you are a batchelor. My niece has a conſiderable fortune. Marry her, and have it all. And, out of my reſpect for you, as well as for a reaſon which I have, and which I mean to give the explanation of hereafter, I will give you, likewiſe, every penny I myſelf may die poſſeſſed of.

CANDID. Is it poſſible? You offer me, indeed, what I could never have expected: but, in marriage, money never tempted me; and, that averſion in the lady to phyſicians, hinders me from being benefited by your generous offers.—I am ſorry for it.

HIRCUS. Ah, dear doctor, I am ſure ſhe will obey, on being forced into the meaſure; and your merit will entirely conquer her averſion: but, however that be, I ſhall have, at leaſt, a deal of pleaſure in reflecting I have puniſhed her rebellion to my will; and, by bequeathing all I have to you, I ſhall avenge myſelf upon the beaſt my brother, who would otherwiſe have claimed it, as my heir.

CANDID. Sir, I am much more honeſt than you think me. This donation of your property,

perty, by which you would cut off your brother, would be ſuch a bar to my connection with your family, if you were to inſiſt upon it, as I could not poſſibly ſurmount. For, ſome few family diſſentions that ſubſiſt between you, he is far from meriting ſuch treatment.

HIRCUS. I am ſo enraged againſt the beaſt, that if I could but find ſome more effectual means of vengeance, I would certainly employ them: but, if this bequeſt of all my wealth would hurt your delicacy, I ſhall very poſſibly find out another way of gratifying my deſires, and only give you half. So, let me have no more of your objections, doctor; but accept of my propoſals. It will make my vixen niece quite mad; my brother will be vexed to death; and I ſhall live a twelvemonth longer for the pleaſure of reflecting on it.

CANDID. But to marry Miſs Angelica againſt her will! That hurts me, I confeſs.

HIRCUS. Oh, doubt not, but the head-animal will ſoon become another thing, when ſhe is once convinced I am reſolved: beſides, ſhe will be ſo rejoiced to leave my houſe, that every other matter muſt be quite indifferent to her. She would have me take the trouble of providing her with ſuch a huſband as her ape's imagination thinks ſhe ſhould approve of. Should I have complied with her caprices, ſhe would certainly have fancied me an aſs.

CANDID. Come; ſince your health depends thereon,

thereon, and I have undertaken to recover you, I make no more objections.

HIRCUS *(going to his book-case.)* You rejoice me, Doctor!

CANDID *(aside.)* He is fairly caught this once.

HIRCUS *(taking out a paper from his book-case, and delivering it to Candid.)* Look, here is ready in the proper form, a marriage contract, which I got drawn out for my preceding Doctor; and to whom I thought to give my niece, and should have done so too, but that he seemed neglectful of my health. Nothing could equal his supineness: so I turned him off. It stipulates, as you will find, the same donation as I mentioned to you, namely, half the property I die possessed of. There is left a blank throughout for the Intended's name, which you may fill with yours. I leave the matter wholly to your care and management. I will not even overlook it. There is living here, hard by, a notary. I will this moment send to fetch my brother, have Angelica come down, the notary will instantly obey my summons; we will sign, and thus the business is dispatched.

CANDID. With how much haste you settle matters! Just as if you were assured, I could not possibly deceive you. Am I known to you sufficiently, that I should thus be trusted?

HIRCUS. I fear nothing. My heart tells me you are no less worthy than you seem. Your salutary waters are recovering me. You fur-

niſh me the means of puniſhing thoſe beaſts, my niece and brother, for their foul proceeding towards me, and in every point of view I am your debtor. Go this moment to the Notary's; he lives three doors hence, when you have turned the corner.

CANDID. You diſpatch this matter with a ſpeed ſo friendly, that I ſhould but ill repay your kindneſs, by appearing on my part indifferent to it! At the third door hence, you ſay?

HIRCUS. Yes, round the corner.

CANDID. I am gone, and will return immediately. *(He goes out.)*

HIRCUS. And now, for ſending to the beaſt my brother. *(Rings.)* Let me ſee if any body means to come. *(Rings again.)* What wretches! Were I dying it would be the ſame. *(He goes to the door and calls.)* Beaſt! Beaſt!

GIRTEUDE *(entering.)* What would you pleaſe to have, Sir?

HERCUS. Pleaſe to have, Sir! That you would not let me ring a dozen times thus, when I want you.

GERTRUDE. You rang only twice, ſir; and the ſecond was ſo quick upon the firſt, I had not time to leave my work a moment ſooner.

HIRCUS. Hold your tongue, if you are able, everlaſting prater; and don't ſtun me with your larum. Is the boy come in?

GERTRUDE. Yes, ſir.

HIRCUS. Then ſend him to my brother's.—Do you underſtand me, dreamer?

GER-

GERTRUDE. Yes Sir; ſend him to your brother's.

HIRCUS. Then don't anſwer. Send him to my brother's inſtantly, and let him ſay I want to ſpeak with him this moment here, upon a buſineſs of the greateſt moment.

GERTRUDE. Will you have a tumbler of your water?

HIRCUS. Do what I have told you, and don't ſtay to aſk ſuch queſtions.

GERTRUDE *(going, and aſide.)* What a man!

HIRCUS *(calling her back.)* And hark ye; if, except the Doctor and my brother, any one ſhould knock, deny me.—I muſt be alone.

GERTRUDE *(aſide.)* Pray heaven you were for ever ſo; that would be comfortable, I believe, to all the houſe.

HIRCUS. What are you muttering?

GERTRUDE. I, ſir? Nothing. *(Goes out.)*

HIRCUS *(hobbling about the room.)* Ah! niece of mine, you will not marry a phyſician! but you ſhall; and if the matter can be manag'd ſo, to-morrow. And you likewiſe, my ſweet brother, you are always heartening her againſt me: but your malice ſhall be diſappointed. You ſhall ſee *that inſtantly*. And for my money, I know how to manage that. Yes, yes; in ſuch a manner, that when every thing is ſettled, you will hardly find yourſelf a groat the better for it. Let me ſee then—*(in a brown ſtudy)*—I have promiſed half of what I have,

already to my niece's future huſband. I may keep the promiſe, if I pleaſe, or break it; but ſuppoſe I keep it, what then ſhall I do with the remaining half?—A will, I fancy, will go near to ſatisfy my vengeance. Yes; the pleaſure I ſhall have in making one, and cutting off my brother with a ſhilling, will, before hand, gratify me. I am now alone: let me employ the opportunity, and make my will. *(He ſets down at his book-caſe.)* Yes, yes; I can diſpatch it ſoon.—Here then is to begin. *(He writes the uſual preface, and hums over the laſt words.)* "My body to the duſt." I cannot well do otherwiſe; but it is all a form. And now to the eſſential part; and let me ſpare for no expence. *(He reads while writing.)* Imprimis then, *I will be buried ſumptuouſly; plenty of mourning coaches, with a cavalcade*; and let me not forget to have a vault. Yes, yes; *a vault and monument; the vault of courſe to be a new one in the abbey, but intended for myſelf alone.* I wiſh I were a Roman Catholic, and lived in France; for then would I have maſs in every church for my repoſe.

For this I give five hundred guineas.

In the next place; I cut off the beaſt my brother with a ſhilling, and will have no lawyer put his noſe into my will.

Then thirdly, I bequeath ten thouſand pounds to build an hoſpital; the money to be paid into the hands of ſuch as are churchwardens of the pariſh at the time of my deceaſe.

But

But I forget—in this the parſon will be very likely benefited; he will have the fingering of my money, and may put a deal into his pockets; for in every pariſh buſineſs that has money in it, Mr. Parſon will be ſure to have a part. He would be pleaſed with me, if I ſhould let him have to do with all my money; but I am not pleaſed with him: he wiſhed to pry into the nature of my intimacy with Miſs Milward, and expoſe it to my neighbours. So my good friend pudding-ſleeves, no hoſpital. Let me then recollect the poor. That will be ſooneſt done. The poor! No, no; I owe them nothing, ſince on their account it was, the pariſh went to law with me, for my encroachments on the common, and becauſe I would not let the village beggars feed their cattle there for nothing. It is now full thirty years ago ſince that affair; but I was caſt, and happily remember it as well as if it had been yeſterday. Who then ſhall have my money? I don't know an individual worthy of it. What a miſerable thought, that on a death bed, it is utterly impoſſible for any one to take into the other world his money with him! Well then, ſince I cannot make a will without bequeathing ſome one or another what I have, the conſequence ſhall be, that I will have no will. *(He tears the paper.)* I don't deſire to have that trouble in my life time; 'tis enough that I muſt part with what I am poſſeſſed of after my deceaſe. *(Here Angelica ſteals in and gets behind her uncle's chair.)* And yet, unleſs

I make ſome diſpoſition of my property, by will, my brother unavoidably will have his ſhare of what I leave. What ſhall I do?—What do!—Why, what a fool I am, to cudgel my poor brains at this rate, to find out a way of diſinheriting my brother!——I need only marry. Yes, yes, ſome young woman that may bring me half a dozen children. Milward, for example. What an excellent idea! and the more ſo, as with children to claim after me—by diſappointing my dear brother of his expectation; my bequeſt to Dr. Bolus may be eaſily made void; for now I think the matter over, I muſt cheat him too. This is the way to take them all in, not excepting my phyſician, who pretends to ſuch diſintereſtedneſs. If he were really diſintereſted, he would not be a phyſician. *(He perceives Angelica.)*

ANGELICA. Yes, by all means uncle; you are in the right to do ſo. I have more than once already been ſo free as to adviſe you to it; but your inclinations are too delicate that you ſhould think of marrying ſuch a one as your Miſs Milward: at your age, the world would never pardon ſuch a folly.

HIRCUS. You have overheard me then, Miſs Minx? You muſt be very impudent to ſteal into the room in ſuch a manner, and get hold of every ſecret I was ſaying to myſelf.

ANGELICA. I wiſhed not to get hold of any of your ſecrets. I came down to ſee what you might be in want of.

HIRCUS,

HIRCUS. Mighty well! A good evaſion, truly! but of which, I am not, as you think, the dupe: however, ſince you know what I intend to do, ſo much the better. I ſhall not, in that caſe, have the trouble of informing you; and ſince Miſs Milward is not to your liking, that ſuggeſts one more inducement for us both to marry.

ANGELICA. No, no, uncle; you are much miſtaken. You will no more marry your Miſs Milward, than I ſhall a doctor.

HIRCUS. Yes; but I will marry her, I tell you; as I tell you likewiſe, you ſhall marry a phyſician, and the more to vex you, if I can, to-morrow.

ANGELICA *(aſide.)* May he keep that reſolution! that is all I wiſh for.

HIRCUS. He is gone to have your marriage contract properly drawn up; and I myſelf will ſend to have Miſs Milward here, that I may ſettle mine. But, only think! what inſolence! to wiſh that I ſhould marry to your liking, when you will not do ſo to my taſte.

ANGELICA. And why, pray, is your taſte ſo monſtrous, reſpecting both yourſelf and me.

HIRCUS. Peace, Peace, I tell you, and obey; or dread my rage, if you provoke me. *(He feels in his coat pockets)* But, what means all this? I put my letter caſe laſt night, as I remember, into one or tother of my pockets; and tis gone. Why,—where can it be got to? Have you had it, miſs?

ANGELICA.

ANGELICA. I, uncle? do you think me capable—

HIRCUS. Yes; you are capable of every thing, ſince you are everlaſtingly thus vexing me: but, in the interim, tis actually gone. Run, look about the houſe, go up ſtairs, down, and every where, till ſuch time as you find it; or, believe me, I will make the houſe too hot to hold you.

ANGELICA. Uncle—

HIRCUS. Hold your prating. I am robbed. I have loſt every thing. Come this way, creature, and look for it. *(He hobbles out of the room in great agitation.)*

ANGELICA. I muſt help him to look for it, though I know not where it can be got to.

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

HIRCUS *and* ANGELICA *ſtill continue looking for the letter caſe.*

HIRCUS.

EXPECT, at leaſt, to go before a magiſtrate; you, Gertrude, and the boy. I have a thief about the houſe, and how can I tell who it is?

ANGELICA. Dear uncle, I will go, for my part,

part, where you pleaſe: but, recollect, for heaven's ſake.—You were out laſt night. Are you quite ſure you brought it home?

HIRCUS. Stay; let me think — I am relieved!—Yes, yes; I recollect, I left it where I was laſt night.

ANGELICA. I thought as much.

HIRCUS. Oh, yes, you thought as much. You are for ever thinking of ſome nonſenſe or another. *(Aſide)* But, the truth is, I am juſt as if a mountain had been taken off me. *(He rings, and Gertrude enters)* Quick, quick, Gertrude; run this moment to Miſs Milward's houſe; deſire her to come hither inſtantly, and let her bring the letter caſe I left laſt night upon her ſopha, in the drawing room.

GERTRUDE. But, if ſhe ſhould not be at home?

HIRCUS. How, not at home? She muſt, ſhe ſhall be. Go, and bring me back her anſwer. *(Gertrude goes out)* To forget my letter caſe!—This is the firſt time in my life I ever did ſo.

ANGELICA. I ſuppoſe, ſir, you were ſhowing what was in it; and, perhaps——

HIRCUS. Go, huſſy. I need not, I fancy, tell you every thing. Oh, how fatigued I am with all theſe multiplied vexations. How I long to rid myſelf of you, your uncle, and without diſtinction, the whole pack of you together, and be able to leave what I am poſſeſſed

of,

of, to an heir deſcending from me. A young wife, whoſe fortune I ſhall make, will nurſe me up in my old age; nor ſhall I have the mortifying ſight of hungry kinsfolks plotting with each other to abridge my days.

ANGELICA. Abridge them? Which among your kinsfolks ſtudies to do ſo? Yourſelf; your reſtleſs temper, is the only enemy you have. For our parts, we ſhould love you, if you would but give us leave.

HIRCUS. All ſtuff, and nonſenſe? you pretend as much, indeed! and, why? becauſe you find I am determined to be married.

ANGELICA. Once more, uncle, marry, in heaven's name, if ſuch a ſtep will give you pleaſure. Let your wife have all your fortune. And, get children too. I ſhall be charmed to ſee a little family about you, if that circumſtance will make you happy.

HIRCUS *(to Candid, entering with Agathon.)* Well, dear doctor, is the buſineſs ſettled?

CANDID. Yes, ſir, here's the marriage ſettlement, as you deſired to have the blanks filled up. I marry Miſs Angelica, with all her fortune; this is ſpecified particularly: but, the gift of half your property, with which you mean to gratify me, is a ſeparate inſtrument. It would be beſt to have it ſo, as you will ſay yourſelf, I fancy.—Read.

HIRCUS *(taking the two papers, and looking only at the deed of gift.)* Oh, brother, are you come?

AGATHON.

AGATHON. At your requeſt.

HIRCUS. So much the better. Look you, here is Dr. Bolus' marriage contract with Angelica, which we muſt ſign. My reſolution is already taken: let us, therefore, have no arguing in the caſe: the matter is determined on, and I ſign firſt *(he ſigns.)* Now, you muſt ſign it, brother.

AGATHON. Yes; but let me read it.

HIRCUS. Read it! and, why ſo? You would delay the buſineſs, would you, and ſtart obſtacles?

AGATHON. At leaſt, then, let me have a glance at what I ſign. *(He takes the ſettlement)* Your confidence in Dr. Bolus, he can have no reaſon to find fault with; yet—

HIRCUS. Yet what, pray? You muſt ſign the paper. Have not I done ſo?

AGATHON *(ſigning the ſettlement.)* What can my ſigning ſignify? Angelica will not conſent to do ſo, if ſhe follows my advice.

CANDID *(to Angelica.)* Young lady, matters are too far advanced that you ſhould now demur. I hope you will not pay your future huſband ſuch a ſorry compliment as that would be.

ANGELICA. Give me the paper, ſir. *(She ſigns)* I ſign, becauſe I am compelled to do ſo; and, becauſe I know my uncle is at preſent on the point of being married. I ſhall be obliged to quit him. Notwithſtanding all the ſorrow ſuch a farewel unavoidably muſt coſt me, it will

will not inſure me a continuance with him, ſo that I muſt fix upon ſome meaſure to obtain a habitation, and afford him this laſt proof of my obedience and ſubmiſſion.

HIRCUS. Why, what quarter blows the wind from now? Obedience and ſubmiſſion! *(To Candid)* Did not I inform you, doctor, ſhe would hardly, at the pinch, preſume to diſobey me?

CANDID. There it no one now, except myſelf, to ſign. Give me the paper. *(He ſigns.)*—There.

AGATHON. And is it true then, brother, you intend to marry?

HIRCUS. Why not, brother? I have formed that reſolution, and it will not, I believe, be many minutes, not a quarter of an hour at moſt, before you are acquainted with particulars. I am reſolved to marry a young woman, and, to make you all as mad as poſſible, will take care to have children.

CANDID. In that caſe, ſir, it will be quite unneceſſary we ſhould put our names to the donation; for the nature of the property, you know, is ſuch, that were you to have but one child, that child would claim it. *(To Angelica)* Miſs Angelica, there ſhall be nothing null in the engagements we are making with each other.

HIRCUS. Dr. Bolus, I may certainly have children; but, tis poſſible I may not; and tis poſſible that, ſhould my wife be fruitful, they may

may die. Are you a doctor, and ſo careleſs of your intereſts? At all events, however, I will put my name to the donation. *(Aſide to Agathon)* I ſhall have the greater pleaſure, in that caſe, of ſetting it aſide in future.

AGATHON. Truly, a great pleaſure that!

CANDID. No, ſir; once more I tell you, I was never mercenary, and have now conſented to this match, as you will find in future, for another reaſon than to aid your ſchemes of vengeance: for I love your niece ſincerely. I am maſter of her fortune by your own conſent, and for the reſt I care not.

HIRCUS. Is it poſſible? To judge by your diſintereſtedneſs, I ſhould not think you a phyſician.

CANDID. No; nor am I: but a gentleman who have been long in love with your ineſtimable niece. Your brother recommended me as one who would have married her, but you refuſed me without knowing or inquiring who I was. A thought then came into my head, that I would perſonate a doctor, and endeavour what I could to cure you; ſo that I might get your niece by ſuch a ſtratagem. My wiſhes are accompliſhed. You are better, owing to my remedies, and I have juſt now got the object of my love.

HIRCUS. How! What! Are you that Candid with whoſe name my brother peſtered me ſo often?

CANDID. Yes, ſir, truly am I.—He is well acquainted with my fortune, character, and family.

AGATHON. Yes, intimately; and am ſure, Angelica could not by any means have made a properer match.

ANGELICA. And I am ſure, I told you, uncle, I would never marry a phyſician, that I could not love.

HIRCUS. I am betrayed!—am, am—But, I am going to be married, that I recollect; and ſhould I have no children, do not dance, good folks, for joy on that account. You need not take ſuch trouble; for, my wife, at leaſt, ſhall have a plenty.—Though—Let me alone for that.

CANDID. As many as you pleaſe. The more you wiſh to vex us, the more friendſhip will we ſhow you.

HIRCUS. Friendſhip! Curſe your friendſhip! I will do without it; and not one of you ſhall ever ſet a foot again within my doors.

CANDID. At leaſt, ſir, you will have the kindneſs to be preſent at our wedding; or, I cannot anſwer for your cure. You know what benefit you have received, entirely from my water.

HIRCUS. Curſe your water, likewiſe! muſt that cure me? Had I but the ſecret of its compoſition, I might hate you all as heartily, as I thought proper.

CANDID.

CANDID. By ſo doing, you would never know it.

HIRCUS *(to Gertrude, coming in.)* Well, will Milward come?

GERTRUDE. Come, ſir! Fegs ſhe is far enough by this time, if ſhe has but travelled all night long as faſt as ſhe ſet off.

HIRCUS. How, far enough?

GERTRUDE. Miſs Milward left the town, laſt night, as they informed me, in a chaiſe and four: and no one knows where ſhe is gone to.

HIRCUS. What! the wretch gone off! and with my letter caſe! there were two thouſand pounds, and upward in the pocket: all in paper, payable, except a very trifle, to the bearer.

GERTRUDE. Lack-a-day! Yet, who can tell but ſhe has put it up among her papers by miſtake; and when ſhe finds it out, will ſend you back your money.

HIRCUS. I am cheated!—robbed!—aſſaſſinated! every hand holds up a dagger to my throat!

GERTRUDE. Poor gentleman! You know you wiſhed Miſs Milward were well married. She has, therefore, kept your letter caſe, and all the money in it, for her portion. That will get her a good match.

HIRCUS *(taking Gertrude by the ſhoulders.)* Out, beaſt! witch! devil!

AGATHON. What, and could you ſeriouſly reſolve to marry ſuch a one as Milward? Is it poſſible! You may conſider you are very

lucky in her flight, though at the expence of ſo much money.

HIRCUS. Lucky! Keep ſuch luck, as you are pleaſed to call it, for yourſelf, and leave me every one. From this time forward, I will never ſee an individual of you. I will ſhut myſelf up in my room from every body. Leave me.

AGATHON. If we leave you, twill be only in the hope of hearing you have had ſome ſerious thoughts on this day's buſineſs. Would one fancy any one could poſſibly reſolve to be as miſerable as you are! Oh, brother, ſummon up your reaſon, if you have but any left you.

HIRCUS. What, I ſhall not, then, be maſter, and do what I will, at home? Get out, I tell you. I need time for thought to meditate upon ſome revenge.

AGATHON *(to Angelica and Candid.)* Come, we muſt hope, his fury will not laſt for ever, and return to ſee him at a calmer moment. Niece, come you with me, till this unhappy ſtorm be over, and the preparations for your wedding made.

CANDID *(to Hircus.)* Before I go away, I would at leaſt enable you to cure yourſelf; and therefore learn the ſecret of my water. The affair is in itſelf ſo ſimple, that I cannot hope I ſhall regain your friendſhip when I tell it: but, at leaſt, that I may give you ſome ſmall proof of mine, when you are quite reſtored, let me intreat you to continue it.

HIRCUS. Well, tell me. I will hear you, though it ſhould be only to be ſatisfied you dont intend to put another trick upon me.

CANDID. No, ſir, that I do not mean to do. Your medicine, then, is nothing but Thames water, which by way of ſubſtitute for all the wine you were accuſtomed to drink every day, and which I thought it proper to forbid you, has performed your cure. In ſpite of the ill-founded hatred you conceive againſt me, I am pleaſed to think you owe me ſuch a bleſſing.

HIRCUS. What, Thames water, only!

CANDID. Yes, ſir, on my honour.

HIRCUS. There was wanting nothing but to tell me that, reſpecting this pretended remedy. I am a dupe in this, too! That I ſee.

CANDID. A dupe? No, ſir, ſince it has done you good already, and will cure you.

HIRCUS. But, it ſhall not cure me. I had rather die of my diſorder now, than owe you ſuch an obligation. So, be gone. Hence vagabonds; or——*(puſhes them out, and falls into his elbow chair.)*——Every circumſtance combines to plague me. Notwithſtanding all the hate I bear my brother, I have done the thing he wanted me to do; and, notwithſtanding I deteſt my niece, have ſigned the paper that will ſurely make her happy. One that in my mind I had determined ſhould avenge me on my niece and brother, is gone off with upwards

of two thouſand pounds of mine, in money, without reckoning the enormous ſums I have ſo long been laviſhing upon her; and, to crown the whole, a ſham-phyſician cures me with a remedy I thought unique, extraordinary, wonderful! but which, he tells me, after all, is nothing but Thames water. Death and tenterhooks! Am I ſufficiently unhappy, yet? They have all left me. Upon whom, then, ſhall I wreak my vengeance? Oh, depend upon it, I will hatch ſome ſcheme or other to bring back the beaſts; though for no other purpoſe than to plague them.